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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 1, 1978 Price One Dollar

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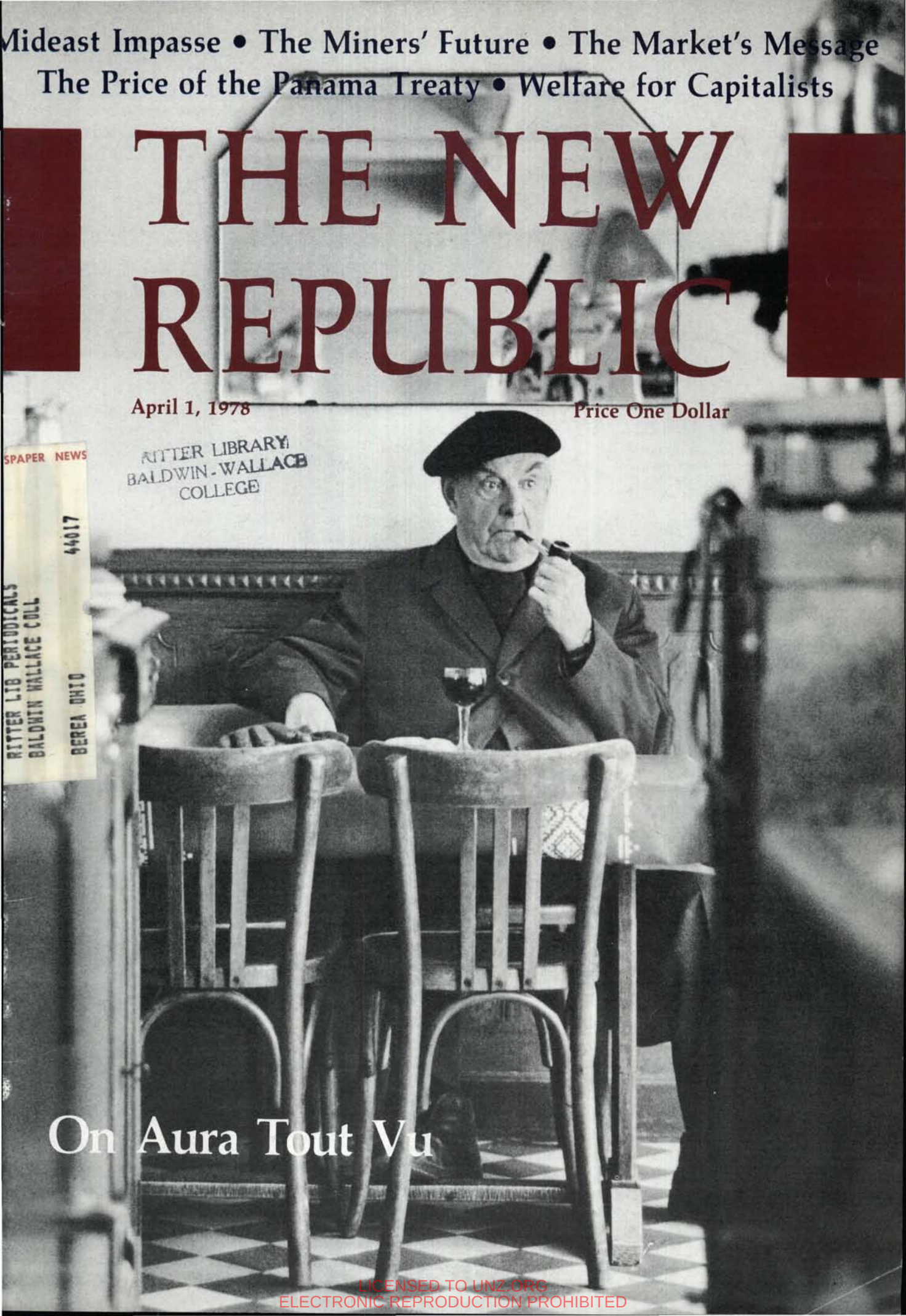

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TRB

from Washington
April 1, 1978

Big John's Return

John Mitchell, the first Attorney General ever to go to jail, was going to testify in a few minutes. We were waiting to hear him in a House committee room as big as a basketball court. Outside spring had come, Pennsylvania Avenue was choked with the first high school holiday buses, lampposts were decorated with Israeli flags for Begin and 150 anti-Begin Palestinian demonstrators marched up to Capitol Hill, surrounded by about 100 cops on motorcycles. A normal Washington morning.

What would Mitchell look like? He was out of jail on medical leave and presumably would return to jail again after telling the committee what the government knew of the Korean lobby scandal when he was running the Justice Department. There were rumors that the Nixon Administration and J. Edgar Hoover knew a lot about Seoul bribing Congressmen and helped cover it up.

Big scenes in Washington repeat themselves. My mind went back a long way. This scene was over in the Senate Caucus Room—half Greek temple, half railroad station—marble-walled, marble-floored, marble-columned and with four crystal chandeliers as big as bomb bursts. Interior Secretary Albert Fall made two appearances before Congress in the Teapot Dome scandal—before and after. "Before" was before he had the goods pinned on him by Paul Y. Anderson of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and other Woodwards and Bernsteins of the day; he was supercilious to the Walsh committee. He looked like a circus sideshow barker and his air was one of cocky contempt. "After" was when the truths came out, bribery in the oil scandal with a "little black bag" stuffed with bills. This second time he was a broken old man, hardly able to walk, his blue serge suit wrinkled and baggy, tongue no longer caustic, his eyes pleading. Ultimately he went to jail.

So now what will Mitchell's second appearance be like? Other witnesses are through, we watch the door behind the committee dais by which he will enter and come down the steps; a group comes in . . . yes, that's Mitchell. He passes right by the press table and I find myself glancing down; I don't want to meet his eyes.

He had his first press conference in January 1969 and my notes say, "big, formidable, self-confident, a kind of authoritarian self-righteousness . . . ruled eye-brows at right angles to a big Roman nose, poker face, slit eyes, like old movie hero Bill Hart, a western law-and-order sheriff with pistols packed."

That was John Mitchell in 1969 who came to Washington against his will, who gave Nixon a rock of absolute self-assurance to lean against, and who lost his fortune, his reputation, his wife and his freedom in serving a man who betrayed him. Yes, according to testimony, on April 14, 1973, in a morning meeting Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman plotted the strategy of making Mitchell admit that he was "morally and legally responsible" for the Watergate coverup. If Mitchell resists, Ehrlichman suggests, the President should tell him that he has an Ehrlichman report, based on three weeks' work, which details Mitchell's involvement.

We are listening to Mitchell now. He takes the oath with a curt "I do." He is shrunk but his dignity is there and all the power is not gone out of him like a spent battery. The terrible camera lights beat on his craggy face as though it were a police round-up, but he is in command. He is all alone at the witness table with two glass ice pitchers, a stack of paper cups, and three coiled microphones with adder-heads. He is being asked questions about something a long way from Watergate, something he professes to know little about. He is cool; he is not play-acting; he is not brazening something out. The story of buying up congressmen from Korea is fascinating, too, though Mitchell doesn't shed much light on it.

Chairman Fraser of the House subcommittee offers three expurgated top secret, eyes-only memos from J. Edgar Hoover telling Mitchell's Justice Department that Korean agents were operating on Capitol Hill. Millionaire rice merchant Tongsun Park, the memos said, was something more than a tycoon—he was aiding the Korean CIA. Mitchell said he had seen only one of the three memos; somebody had signed his initials to a second one, but he had no

(continued on page 34)

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Correspondence

Marcos's New Society

To the editors:

Peter W. Stanley's article on Marcos's New Society" ("Our Man in Manila," *TNR*, Mar. 11) is an excellent account of the situation in the Philippines. I was particularly pleased to read what Mr. Stanley had to say about that great Filipino elder statesman, Senator Lorenzo M. Tañada.

I know Senator Tañada intimately. We grew up together in the same household and we have kept our contact uninterrupted since then. Knowing the man, I am not at all surprised that in his old age—80 years—he is waging an unrelented and courageous fight to destroy the Marcos's dictatorship.

Only a handful of people know that Tañada was one of the most effective leaders in the resistance movement during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines. When I was the officer in charge of intelligence operations in Luzon, Tañada gave us valuable assistance in coordinating the guerrilla activities in the Philippines. Unlike some phony guerrillas, Marcos for one, Tañada never sought recognition, monetary compensation or medals when the war was over.

When Mr. Stanley's American friend told him in Manila that Tañada was the "only honest Filipino politican," he should have added "that I know." Americans in Manila are generally engaged in business and their main concern is the earning of profits. For this reason, their local contacts are confined to venal politicians whose influence is for sale. American businessmen do not associate with political leaders known for their integrity of which there are quite a few. The following senators of proven intellect and honesty would not qualify as golfing partners of Manila-Americans: Lorenzo Tañada, Jose Diokno, Jovito Salonga, Raul Manglapus, Gerardo Roxas, Soc Rodrigo. . . . When asked about these men, the Manila-Americans are likely to casually dismiss them as "anti-Americans."

It is symptomatic of the approach to the problem of human rights by some of our opinion-makers that while Stanley was interviewing the greatest living Filipino political figure, William Buckley was visiting the most corrupt politician in Philippine history. While Stanley drew a truthful picture of Senator Tañada, Buckley lavishly praised President Marcos for accomplishments known only to Mr. Marcos and Mr. Buckley. The latter even went to the extreme of giving as a fact the ludicrous claim of Marcos that he (Marcos) was recommended for the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor during the War, a fairy tale only Buckley believes today. Or does he?

N.L. Manzano
Col. (ret.) U.S. Army
San Francisco, California

Credit Where Credit's Due

To the editors:

In a recent article by Eugene McCarthy on Zbigniew Brzezinski ("Thinking Zbig," *TNR*, Mar. 11) reference is made to "an interview with Robert Scheer in *The Washington Post* of February 6, 1977 . . ." While the interview did indeed appear in the *Post*, it was written for and first appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* for which Scheer is a national correspondent.

Dennis A. Britton
National Editor
Los Angeles Times

Racism and Reasonableness

To the editors:

Sadat is saying with religious zeal and with or without the necessary political back-up in the Arab world that he will bring peace to the region, on the one condition that Menachem Begin renounce entirely all Israeli territorial claims and also opposition to the establishment of an independent Palestinian State. Begin, hopefully for tactical reasons, has further widened the negotiating gap by insisting on an interpretation of UN Resolution 242 regarding the West Bank inconsistent even with past declarations of the Israeli Labour government. The March 11 terrorist murder of Israeli civilians has already served as an occasion for a hardening of positions. Sadat predictably has pointed to the attack as what can be expected from the refusal to trade territory for security (and has offered condolences as Begin did after the Cyprus incident). There have been retaliations. Begin continues to maintain that the creation of a Palestinian state and lack of a sufficient buffer zone would increase the frequency of such atrocities.

What is so difficult to understand is why objective (if anyone can claim "objectivity" or "even-handedness" any more) observers fail to see all of this for what it is. Sadat is in fact making a generous offer which he may or may not be capable of delivering on, in return for acceptance of conditions which can be legitimately considered as presenting important risks to Israel's security. So why is Begin being depicted as the villain in the scenario, as the obstructionist of progress toward peace? A question difficult to answer, but one response which seems to present itself in one way or another, kind of lurking just beneath the surface, smacks of the worst kind of racism (and therefore is presented with reluctance): "What more can be expected of the irrational, hot-blooded, backward Arabs? But the Jews, the cunning, calculating intelligent Jews with the least amount of good faith and a genuine interest in achieving a peaceful settlement, they would have had the problem solved . . . already".

Mark L. Cohen
Paris, France

Preparation H

To the editors:

I finally figured out your cover picture on the February 25 issue. It really is the crudest rendition of a botched-up hemorrhoidectomy that I ever expect to see.

I appreciate avant-garde art, but isn't this a little bit far out?

Please continue my subscription anyway.

William Mann
Valley Center, California

Note:

The painting to which Mr. Mann refers, reproduced on the cover of our energy issue of February 25, was painted in 1843 by J.M.W. Turner.

The Editors

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Cover: "Now I've Seen Everything." Photo: Café, Normandy *by Henri Cartier-Bresson.* ©*Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum Photos. Article on page 10.*

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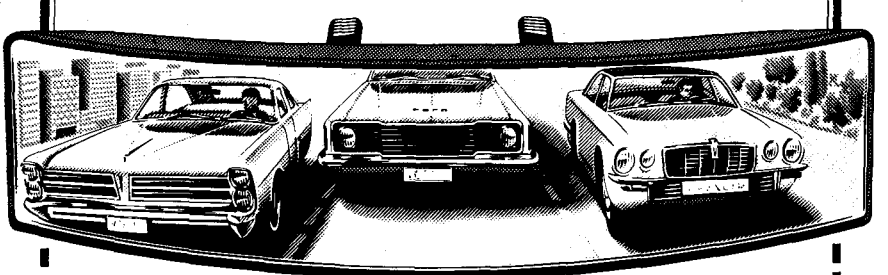

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 1, 1978

The High Cost of Herman Talmadge

When old Washington pols decide that Jimmy Carter is becoming competent, watch out. They mean that he is beginning to behave as they do, which does not mean that he has suddenly turned eloquent, forceful and statesmanlike. It means that he's learning to play the game by their rules and to "work with Congress." A President who knows the rules is one who occasionally shovels tax dollars from the Treasury into programs of doubtful value sponsored by congressmen. When this happens, the congressmen turn around, take a bow and remind their constituents to be thankful they have competent leaders in government.

The New York Times reported last week that the President made a significant gain in this sort of competence when he muted his doubts about Senator Herman Talmadge's farm bill. Talmadge, chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, Nutrition and Forestry, held one of the critical swing votes that would decide the fate of the Panama Canal Treaty. He also sponsored an emergency bill to increase federal aid to the farmers, who have carried on an intense lobbying campaign since January to get such a bill. Officials in Carter's Agriculture Department have been and continue to be opposed to the Talmadge plan. But they fell silent the week of the first treaty vote. That week two things happened. The Senate Agriculture Committee drew up, considered and voted out the Talmadge farm bill. And Senator Talmadge voted in favor of the treaty. He joined with 67 other senators, giving the administration a major victory. Immediately after that, Talmadge won a special dispensation from the Senate leadership to bring his bill to a vote on the floor during a momentary break between consideration of the first and second Panama treaties.

The *Times* suggested a deal was made: Carter got a vote for the treaty in return for letting Talmadge's bill through. The President's press secretary denied it. Talmadge denied it. The senator said he was in a hurry to get the bill passed because the spring planting season was about to begin, and soon it would be too late for the government to intervene. Despite these denials, the *Times* story seemed entirely plausible.

In the stampede to do something for the farmers, the Senate not only went along with Talmadge's plan, but added a couple of other goodies. It made a nice gesture, but messy legislation. The Senate adopted the Talmadge bill, but added—as amendments—plans offered by Senators George McGovern and Robert Dole, both of whom come from farm states. The difficulty with the Senate's answer to the dilemma was that each senator proposed to subsidize the farmers by a different method. Talmadge wanted to pay farmers to hold farmland out of production. He thinks the government should pay to keep 31 million acres idle, at about $75 per acre. The Agriculture Department already has paid farmers not to plant on 15 million acres this year. If added to the 31 million acres in the Talmadge plan, this would bring the total to nearly one-quarter of America's cropland—all put out of commission in order to raise prices.

The other method, proposed in slightly different forms by McGovern and Dole, simply would raise the farmers' income by direct subsidy. It would raise the federal "target price" of corn, wheat and other items, meaning that the government would agree to pay farmers the difference between the actual selling price of these goods and the ideal price that farmers and politicians have agreed upon. Not wishing to choose between the two methods of generosity, the Senate adopted both. It sent the bundle of farm goodies to the House last week as a rider on an already-passed bill to increase the price of California raisins. It was designed for swift enactment.

The farm bill zipped through the Senate so rapidly that no one was sure how much it would cost. Senate hearings on it were brief and sketchy. The Administration never bothered to put its views in writing. Senator Edmund Muskie estimated that besides its cost to the Treasury, the bill might increase consumer food costs by as much as $6 billion next year. "It seems this body will vote 'aye' for anything with the word 'farm bill' in it," Muskie said.

The Secretary of Agriculture already has the authority to do what Talmadge's bill would have him do, but

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the bill would force the Administration to act. According to Agriculture's congressional liaison officer, Sam Garst, the department has good reasons for not wishing to act. First, setting aside one quarter of the nation's farmland, as Talmadge would do, could create severe shortages a year from now if the weather turns bad. Garst said that grain reserves now amount to a two-month supply for the US, a quantity that would not last long in a serious drought, because most of the world's surplus is in the US. It would be risky to increase farm prices by cutting back production as far as the Senate proposes. If Congress decides to force the issue, Garst said, it should be ready to take the blame if food shortages occur.

Prices already have begun to rise, Garst said, because the Agriculture Department stepped in earlier this year to cut back wheat production and buy up surplus stocks. It is too soon to tell how far the inflation will go, but Garst predicted that most crops will be earning more than the cost of production by the end of the season. Additional government intervention might send prices out of control. Finally, Garst said, the public cost of subsidizing farmers is heavy. Raising the target price of a bushel of wheat by one penny takes $18 million out of the Treasury, and doing the same for corn takes $56 million. The farmers and Senator Dole are asking for increases of a dollar or two per bushel.

The President ought to veto the Senate's proposed gift to the farmers and substitute an administrative decision in its place. To the extent that the farmers need higher income in the future, the Secretary of Agriculture can provide it by using the power he already has to buy surpluses and make modest increases in target prices. To the extent that they need relief from past debts, that can be provided through an emergency loan program which the Administration strongly supports, and upon which Congress has yet to act.

What is the stock market trying to tell us?

View From Trinity Place

Here on the 13th floor of 74 Trinity Place, New York City, we look down into the graveyard that surrounds Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and meditate on the airline hostess's parting phrase, "or wherever your final destination may be." One might think the stock market and the economy, Mr. Carter and Mr. Blumenthal are all caught up in such a meditation as the market wanders and stumbles through its downward course in painful search for a bottom. Despite the 10 to 11 percent increase in total corporate profit between 1976 and 1977, the market value of stock equities crumbled about 18 percent from January 1, 1976 to January 1, 1977, and in the opening two months of 1978 the downward drift has continued for an additional 7 or 8 percent.

In brief, the routine investor, the equity buyer, now pays 30 percent less for a dollar of corporate cash flow than he or she did in January 1976. Imagine squeezing the price structure for equities as a whole down 30 percent in a single year—moreover, a year in which corporate profits (dividends as well) advanced and even now continue to advance.

What can be wrong? What can cause a 30 percent writedown of the whole American economy in one short year? And do we have another 10 to 15 percent more writedown to endure? Is the inflation frightening the great middle class into other forms of investment? Is the tax structure now so arranged that our big income earners can no longer leverage themselves into ownership of real assets? We can examine and probe and count, pull and haul and twist, and still the answer will not come easily.

But for meditative purposes, consider the following for 30 years our beloved country has pursued a vast array of cold war policies—economic, political and military. On the whole, the economic policies have worked especially well. We have exported huge piles of capital (and, incidentally, jobs); we have given away 10 to 50 percent of various US markets in textiles electronics, cars and steel; we have spent over a trillion dollars on armaments for the protection of Western Europe and Japan and thereby built vast military overseas establishments; simultaneously, we have provided the capital and technology to rebuild the industries of Japan and Western Europe, especially Germany. In every way, it has been a spectacular economic performance. These economic policies of our 30 years cold war may have destroyed us. For now we have a troika: we cannot move a muscle or change a policy without the joint consent of Germany and Japan.

It took us only 30 years to do for Germany what Hitler failed to do by war. Europe is now Germany's. Germany is the financial and industrial center of all Europe, liquid, in fine shape, ready to buy up all the depressed industries of America or, if necessary, drive them out of world markets. And Japan, just now signing a 20 billion dollar deal, goods for raw materials with Peking! How beautiful! It took only the Korean and Vietnam wars and 30 years of capital, technology and raw material subsidies to make Japan the master of the Pacific. The miracle of peace: and now as Japan proceeds with rearmaments, the Pacific is hers.

Is this what the market is saying: that we are 1/. obsolete, that our equipment and labor productivity is so inferior that we cannot compete? Is it saying that all the economic policies of the past 30 years of cold war must be redone, altered, changed, modified, perhaps even reversed?

An intimate knowledge of the Cola business may not be adequate qualification for guiding the massive

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restructuring of old cold war economic policies. Even extensive apprenticeship in the executive offices of Bendix and Textron may not be sufficient. It is even possible that the peculiar skills that leading lawyers of big Dallas law firms acquire may fail to measure the changes required. When the various journals of Wall Street speak of a lack of confidence in the current leadership, they are hinting obliquely at what we have suggested here so crudely.

In the past year as we have sought to persuade our troika partners, Germany and Japan, of the changes needed, we have devalued our dollar 17 percent relative to the yen and 11 percent relative to the mark. We have reduced the prices of our exports relative to theirs by these amounts, and have, in effect, reduced for the coming year their total exports into our market by these percentages. Indeed, this is a rather sharp and striking effort at persuasion.

Japan has other markets she can and will finance; also Germany. Already, since 1970, eastern Europe and the Soviet Union have borrowed 40 billion dollars in medium term credits, primarily from western Europe. Ten billion of the 40 came from West Germany. We may expect similar financing of the Chinese and Asian markets by Japan. Everything is in motion. Fresh waves of the industrial revolution now engulf the entire world. Politically managed, directed economies are everywhere. In the meantime, our financial markets have priced the US economy down by 30 percent in a brief twelve months. It is said in the oil exploration industry, "better lucky than smart." Here on Trinity Place, we are praying that our luck has not run out.

Palmer Weber

Palmer Weber works on Wall Street.

Mutiny is the miners' only hope.

UMW in the Pits

This is a perilous time for coal miners. The end of the long coal strike clearly will mark the beginning of another chapter in the turbulent history of their union. Depending on how things break in the next few months, it could be the last chapter.

Before the strike began in December, members of the United Mine Workers union were producing only half of the nation's coal. By striking they could build a dam across the river, but they could not stop the flow. Fifteen weeks into the strike, the situation was getting worse for the miners. By operating at flat-out full capacity, the non-union mines last week were supplying more than 80 percent of the volume of coal normally needed by utilities in April. The power companies could not replace their stockpiles, but they could meet their immediate needs with only minimum inconvenience. In short, they can get along without the UMW—at least until summer, when air-conditioning creates higher demand.

Earlier, the miners seemed to have gained the upper hand when they overwhelmingly rejected a lopsided contract that would have traded a wage increase for unconditional surrender to the mine owners in other areas. The contract had its fervent supporters. The UMW negotiators recommended it; Governor Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia said it was dandy; President Carter threw the alleged weight of the White House behind it. "It's broccoli, dear," the politicians said. But the miners knew it was spinach and said the hell with it. They said exactly the same thing about Taft-Hartley.

Faced with a determined attack by the mine owners, the miners demonstrated that they had three lines of defense. The first line, the negotiating team led by UMW president Arnold Miller, was the weakest; it rolled over on February 6, recommending to the membership a contract that contained concessions to the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association on every major subject from safety to pensions.

At that point, the industry attack was stopped momentarily by the UMW bargaining council, which had no direct role in the negotiations. The council is composed of the union's district presidents and executive board members. Some of them may have been primarily motivated by the desire to discredit Miller, but others were appalled by what they saw in Miller's contract. The UMW constitution requires bargaining council approval before a contract goes to membership for ratification. By an overwhelming margin, the council rejected the contract.

But this second line of defense was inherently weak. Few if any of the council's members had the experience and skill to stand up to the steady pressure that began to build in the next few weeks. Arguing that Miller obviously could not deliver a contract, the mine owners insisted—with the full support of the Carter administration—on expanding the UMW negotiating team to include some of Miller's most outspoken critics. Once installed on the team, the critics were fairly quickly maneuvered into putting their signatures on a revised agreement that was more appealing than Miller's, but still gave the operators a license to silence dissent in the mines with the threat of discharge and barred arbitrators from reversing company action.

Worse still, the second contract effectively killed off the UMW's independently administered health insurance program by giving the mine owners the right to convert to coverage by private insurance carriers. To people outside the coalfields, this may have sounded innocuous, but it isn't. John L. Lewis negotiated the first industry-wide UMW health coverage plan in 1946,

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when the mines were under federal control. Lewis had imposed a wave of strikes and short work weeks over a period of nearly a year. Coal was the nation's principal fuel, and the real threat of economic paralysis had propelled Harry Truman to seize the mines. Lewis, negotiating directly with the government, offered peace at a price: establishment of a broadly comprehensive system of health insurance that could not be controlled by the mine owners, even though they would pay for it with royalties collected on production. The government agreed, and imposed the terms of the settlement on the mine owners as a condition of returning the mines to them. Over time, the UMW "medical card" not only became each miner's most important possession but also was the union's ticket to organizing new mines. Even during the dark and stormy years of Tony Boyle's presidency, it was a beacon light for miners, not only because of the extraordinary scope of coverage but because of something equally significant: it meant independence for UMW members.

The companies had chafed under this arrangement for more than a quarter of a century, but had never had the opportunity to undo what was widely recognized in the labor movement as Lewis's outstanding achievement. It was not something that UMW negotiators would even talk about. Not until now.

If health insurance had been the only controversial item in the new contract, the miners and their representatives might have stopped the mine owners in their tracks. But the miners, confronting an array of obnoxious new provisions, could only raise a general hue and cry of protest. They had no leadership to shape the protest into an effective counterattack. The bargaining council, weary and confused, passed the new contract, and it went out to the membership to be ratified or rejected. In effect, the mine owners had breached the UMW's second line of defense.

On March 6 the miners overwhelmingly rejected the contract, demonstrating a solidarity that surprised everyone in Washington and put their own leadership to shame. The third line of defense had held. In Washington, the mine owners and the government were baffled—momentarily. "You can't negotiate with 160,000 miners," an aide to Labor Secretary Ray Marshall said. "It's like pushing on a string." Exactly right—and that very fact had bought time for the miners. You don't have to look far for an analogy: it would be the moment in a long jungle war between a conventional army and guerrillas when the generals suddenly discover the bankruptcy of frontal attacks against an opposition that simply fades into the trees.

But the key to winning such a war is to be able to attack as well as to defend. Fade at Lexington, come back in overpowering strength at Yorktown. But the miners could only defend; they could say no to the mine owners, but they could not say it with a single voice. And they could not reverse again their previous reverses at the bargaining table, for the simple reason that not a single one of their negotiators had the skill and stamina to carry the battle back to the territory the union had won in previous years.

Miller was hopeless. Federal mediators, Labor Department officials, operators' representatives and his own negotiating team members had comments like these: "He was a tower of indecision. In the middle of negotiations he took two hours off to be photographed in his office by a guy from *Time*, and he spent the whole afternoon filling in his expense vouchers." And, "He never saw the ball after the opening kickoff. He didn't understand most of the issues and didn't care about the rest. All he wanted was to get it over with." And, "It must have been someone like Miller who represented the Indians when they sold Manhattan for $24. He would have settled for $23.50."

But the rest of the negotiating team lacked the internal spark to take over from Miller. Genuinely concerned about the future of the union—they were afraid of being balkanized by government pressure to open regional or even local-by-local negotiations—they waffled. In that atmosphere, a third agreement emerged, not so much hammered out as stitched up. Some of the most inflammatory language of the first agreements was excised, and the news went out to the coalfields of at least a partial victory for the union.

The question should be: "Compared to what?" The third agreement represented an improvement for the miners over the first two. But compared even to the 1974 agreement, it represented a setback in every area except wages. The miners who assembled in convention in Cincinnati in 1976 drafted a thick batch of collective bargaining demands. Many of these were recognized as palpably beyond reach (the six-hour day). But others, such as proposals for improved safety protection and for changes in the grievance procedure, might have benefited both sides by reducing the friction that produces so many wildcat strikes. Wages were far down on the union's priority list—notably so considering the extent to which miners like everyone else had been the victims of runaway inflation in previous years.

The new contract gives miners improved wages and some improvement in paid time off (two more vacation days and more flexibility in scheduling them) but nothing else. The mine owners, however, not only have the right to dismantle John L. Lewis's legacy—the health insurance plan—but also have the right to negotiate with local unions to establish "incentive productivity plans." That's a fancy term for paying bonuses when miners exceed production quotas. The UMW has been historically opposed to such plans for the simple reason that they kill people. As the quota is met and exceeded, it is ratcheted upward and the bonus is made more substantial; miners take shortcuts, and their own elected safety representatives are put in the

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politically impossible position of trying to enforce safety standards that if enforced, inevitably would reduce production. Sooner or later everyone begins to look the other way, because the price is right, and that spells murder in the mines.

The price the miners themselves have paid for this contract is staggering. After 16 weeks of striking, the average UMW member has lost more than $6,000; many have lost much more. It will take years to recoup the loss and settle debts, and the miners will have nothing to show for it except the rapidly fading glory of a moment when they stood firm in their own Battle of Bastogne and said "Nuts!" to everyone up to and including the President of the United States, who now stands exposed (to everyone in the labor movement, at least) as a strikebreaker pure and simple.

The strike-period coal production statistics are even more ominous. Because of the rapid expansion of production in the West, where the UMW has been unable to organize, it seems clear that when the new contract expires in 1980 a union strike will not shut off anywhere near half the nation's coal. If the mine owners and utilities can stockpile in anticipation of such a strike—as they did so effectively this time—the UMW will have very little leverage as it attempts to recover the losses suffered in this bargaining round.

And there are other clouds, closer and very dark. For one thing, Miller and his hapless cohorts were elected last June to five-year terms. That puts him in charge during the next negotiations. Garrulous miners have fallen into stunned silence at this prospect. The old USS Caine, decks already awash in the typhoon, is to remain under the control of Captain Queeg . . . for . . . five . . . more . . . years?

The Caine story ended, of course, with a mutiny. Whether the UMW saga will proceed along similar lines is unclear. There is a vigorous movement under way to recall Miller, but the UMW constitution wisely includes complex barriers to recall. If it did not, no one would want Miller's job for fear of being hauled off every time an unpopular policy (such as a dues increase) was put into effect. The recall movement almost certainly will fail. If Miller does not voluntarily step aside, the miners have few ways to get him out in time to save their old ship. They could try to take over the special convention that Miller almost certainly will convene soon. (On the edge of bankruptcy, the union must raise its dues, which requires the action of a convention.) But the UMW constitution expressly forbids using a special convention to recall an incumbent. Unhappy miners can demand a full-fledged constitutional convention, but in the hurly-burly of such an event they might not be able to schedule a new election. And even if they could, a wild scramble might result and Miller might even survive it—as he did in 1977, when he won reelection only because he faced not one but two opponents who divided the anti-Miller vote between them.

Miller might become the passive victim of a palace coup. The porkchoppers on the International UMW payroll (who collected their full salaries throughout the strike, at an expense to the union of more than $2.5 million) already have begun shifting their allegiance to Miller's vice president, Sam Church. Church shares responsibility with Miller for the disaster at the bargaining table, but is a far more forceful personality. (Built like an andiron, he has been known to punch out staffers and tip over desks to make a point.) The itchy union staff members seem to think that Church somehow will protect them from the mob howling outside. And he just might: if Miller can be persuaded to step aside, Church could move to consolidate power by any means necessary, as has been done in other unions; then the miners would have to hope for help from the Department of Labor in getting *him* out.

Miller says he isn't going to step down no matter what, but some UMW insiders don't believe him. After the 1974 negotiations, Miller went into a hospital for a while to recover. Doctors might tell him this time to take a long rest and think about resigning to protect his health. If that happens, the International Executive Board might be persuaded to vote him a special pension or to take whatever other action is necessary to send him on his way with his pride and wallet intact. It's all speculation, of course, but those who know Miller well wouldn't be surprised if it came true. IEB members are said to be already at work on Phase One of the plan, which would have Miller trotting off to UMW District 26 in Nova Scotia for rest-and-rehabilitation, far from his most vocal opponents in West Virginia.

Whatever happens, the miners can't take forever to get their house in order. The UMW will have no bargaining leverage in 1980 unless it can organize mines in the meantime; that won't happen if non-union miners continue to see the United Mine Workers in its current condition. What sailor in his right mind would sign on board a half-sunken hulk with a certifiably incompetent captain still roaming the bridge, eyes glassy with fear and fatigue, while the roar of mutiny in the engine room grows in volume but seems to be moving nowhere? That's the UMW today, and tomorrow things could be worse: within months, a new wave of wildcat strikes is almost certain to break across the coalfields as miners rebel against the new contract, and that could put the ship under once and for all.

The Caine finally made it to port because the mutiny finally took shape. That could happen with the United Mine Workers. If it does, the oldest and in many ways the greatest of all American industrial unions would still have a future. But time, for the miners, is short.

Thomas N. Bethell

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The French election results leave everyone a bit unhappy, but the political scene probably won't change much.

No New Bedfellows

Paris

The big surprise of the French elections is that the new National Assembly is virtually a carbon copy of its predecessor. The governing majority retains control over 290 of the 300 seats it had in the outgoing parliament. The left opposition, with a gain of 17, now has 201 deputies. This outcome is surprising because for the past 12 months a chorus of political commentators and pollsters has been predicting a dramatic change. Based on voters' declared intention to vote for the left, and on widely expressed dissatisfaction with current governmental policies, the pundits foresaw either an outright victory for the left—a coalition of Communists, Socialists, Left Radicals, or possibly a popular vote majority for the left transformed by France's two-step electoral system into a narrow defeat in terms of parliamentary representation.

The seers' conclusions were erroneous, but their logic was not. For on March 12 and 19, the voters did not demonstrate continued confidence in the majority. Rather, they rejected the only available alternative. Since last summer the "united" left—under the impetus of a Communist party fearful that its strength was being drained by the Socialist party that once had been its junior partner—has presented a public display of internal discord and diatribe that made the coalition's claimed intention to govern together no longer credible. In addition, many moderate voters attracted by the Socialists finally refused to give into the temptation, out of fear of the Communists. This fear certainly was fueled by the center political leaders, but it was stimulated most strongly by the behavior of the Communists themselves.

What will those who supported the left do next time, and meanwhile? And how will the voters who finally opted for what they came to see as the lesser of two evils come to evaluate their decision? Certainly it is unlikely that the center victory will be challenged by an immediate outbreak of social turmoil. The unions responded to the election returns by announcing their willingness to negotiate with the new government—a rather important event since the major unions usually have refused such contact under a stylized "dealing with the enemy" mentality. Furthermore, the mood of the left's electorate is more one of resignation than revolt. They know that really their own leaders are to blame for the defeat.

So at least for a few months, and probably into next fall, the new government has a grace period during which it could deal with the most urgent economic problems—in particular unemployment—and start to reduce some of the more glaring elements of social injustice such as an unusually high disparity, for an advanced industrialized society, between the income of its poorest and wealthiest citizens. A few halfway-sincere moves in this direction might end the electoral threat from the left for good. But the new government, even if it has the will, probably lacks the capacity to take the necessary actions. The Gaullist party and the Giscardians—parties in the center coalition—apparently agree that broad social and economic reforms are needed. But they disagree on the exact prescription. Without strong solidarity between Gaullists and Giscardians, important changes are unlikely.

Does this mean that the people will revise their choice in the next election? Not necessarily. Future voters, if confronted once again with a choice between insufficient change and Communist participation in government, are likely to make the same decision they just did. Serious deterioration of the economy might alter some opinions as to which of the two evils is more worth avoiding. The other reason the result might change would be a readjustment among the coalitions seeking the people's approval. But even though none of the party leaders seems pleased with the current coalition arrangement, the possibility for changing these seems very slim.

President Giscard d'Estaing, all observers agree, is the big winner of these elections. His governmental majority, in spite of expectations to the contrary, was returned to power. Furthermore, the election result may aid Giscard in achieving his vision of a new, liberal political society. Giscard wants to preside over the establishment of a large center-left governing coalition composed of the parties that support him already plus the bulk of the contemporary Socialist party. Such a coalition would free Giscard from the constraining hands of the Gaullists, who would be exiled to a sterile opposition on the right. And it would pull Socialists away from the Communists, who would be reduced to a sterile opposition of the left.

The recent elections aided this ambition of Giscard's in two ways. First, the center right party supporting the President most strongly has begun to coalesce. Bickering and disagreement gave way first to an electoral alliance. These cooperative arrangements were successful for all the splinter groups; consequently, the UDF seems on its way to becoming a single parliamentary group rather than simply a confederation to avoid electoral defeat. Second, the Socialists seem ready to move away from the united left strategy that has been the party's bible since 1972. Many Socialist leaders blame the Communists for dashing their high hopes for political power, and already are talking publicly about a new, less constraining relationship with their coalition partner—one featuring separate programs rather than a common one.

On the other hand, the UDF coalition still is fragile

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The electoral coalition probably will continue to function in the parliament itself, but it may not result in a fusion of the parties. Total assimilation into a new party dominated by the Republicans—Giscard's party of origin—would require a significant change in mentality for some of the smaller parties in Giscard's camp. Furthermore, the President has to live with the powerful RPR and its leader, Jacques Chirac. Chirac's Gaullist party remains the biggest vote getter and also the largest parliamentary group. Compared to the results of 1973, the Gaullists have been weakened, but only very slightly: a loss of 20 seats still leaves them with 153 deputies. A united UDF group around Giscard probably will have at least 130 members, a number no longer dwarfed by the Gaullists in the majority coalition. But any legislation Giscard wants adopted will have to meet with the Gaullists' approval. Of course this approval may be somewhat easier to obtain from Gaullist deputies who remember that one of the points of discord between their leader Chirac and President Giscard was over the timing of the legislative elections. Jacques Chirac wanted an early dissolution of the National Assembly. Since it appears that the center-right victory only occurred because the Socialists and the Communists were given time to tear apart the winning combination they had prepared, many Gaullist deputies may reflect that their personal election success is due to Giscard not heeding Chirac's advice. But then gratitude is not a pronounced virtue of politicians.

In fact, the Gaullists may feel even freer now than before to exercise their veto power in the assembly. Previously, they had to worry that Giscard might dissolve the parliament over their lack of support, and that in the ensuing elections—labeled as destroyers of the coalition—they would be demolished. Now the threat of dissolution is no longer realistic. Having triumphed unexpectedly, Giscard cannot run the risk of new elections, especially ones provoked by his own governing coalition's inability to work together. Consequently, in order to govern, the President will need the Gaullists' support, which certainly is not unconditional.

The Gaullists' dilemma is that they are unable to leave the governing majority, because they have no other place to go. So they are reduced to the role of a support group with some veto power but little capacity for initiative. The only way out of this dilemma is if Jacques Chirac becomes President of the Republic. This would have been a greater possibility if the left had won the election. Tensions between the left-controlled assembly and President Giscard might have forced Giscard to resign and call a presidential election. This possibility having been eliminated, Chirac's chances are severely reduced.

The Socialists are the big losers of these elections. But there is at least one crumb of comfort: the long-standing Socialist goal of electoral superiority over the Communists has been achieved for the first time since the end of World War II. The Socialists now must choose among three possible strategies: a continuation of the union of the left; a looser electoral alliance with the Communists but an independent program; or a third-force coalition with the Giscardians. The most active segment of the Socialist party is the left-wing CERES group, which has the support of about one quarter of the membership. They are strongly attached to the common program, believing that this is the only way to reduce the strength of the Communist party and simultaneously permit a real government of the left. The past election season gives some support to this position. The Communist behavior toward the Socialists not only discredited the party among the general population, but also caused internal dissention. To profit from these tensions, the Socialist party must remain committed to the union of the left.

The President would welcome the Socialists into a third-force coalition with the Giscardians. But such a coalition would be a renunciation of everything the party has stood for in recent years. It would require an inordinate degree of opportunism. And since even individual "right wing" Socialists have resisted the temptation to obtain power by changing sides, a collective decision of this nature is unlikely.

The only other possible strategy for the Socialists is the one that seems to be emerging—a more or less independent program bolstered by electoral agreement with the Communists. Such a line represents a compromise between the bitterness Socialists feel about the Communists' recent behavior and the fidelity they retain toward the principles of the left.

The Communists have achieved their goal of denying victory to the Socialists. But this triumph has been expensive: the party's share of popular support has decreased; the credibility of its de-Stalinized image has diminished; and significant tension has developed within the ranks. Party members came to believe in the union of the left and the victorious governing coalition it would produce. The diatribe by party leaders against their Socialist partners combined with the rapidity with which a new agreement was signed after the unsatisfactory results of the first round of voting raised questions about whether the leadership really wanted victory. The problem for the Communists is that they really do not have any alternative except to continue in any kind of coalition the Socialists wish to have. To dissolve all bonds with the Socialists means a return to the ghetto. The party could survive this isolation, but would not benefit from it.

A realignment of the parties on the model of Giscard's dream of a center-left coalition might have benefits for everyone. Citizens looking for reform without the risks of a Communist-dominated regime surely would support a Socialist-Giscardian coalition. The Gaullists would be released from the constraints of an alliance which dramatically restricts their freedom

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to maneuver in return for an inordinately small amount of influence. The Socialists, after 20 years of opposition politics, would finally get a share of the power and the glory. And the Communists would have the opportunity to dominate the entire left opposition to the governing majority, as they do in Italy. But however much such a new arrangement might please all parties concerned, it appears more likely that, for a while at least, they all will remain stuck with the bedfellows they already have chosen.

William R. Schonfeld

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Mideast Impasse, I

The Military Front

In a famous argument, Pascal held that though there might very well be no God, little is lost by the insurance policy of becoming a believer, on the off chance that God happens to exist. And so it is as well with the Israelis on security.

The ideal of security for Israel has not died, but ways of believing in it have not been conceived except over the sights of a gun. Time after time Israel has had to clear away threats to her security in the most practical manner that exists, by occupying neighboring territories where the threats have originated. Time after time it is then anticipated that the return of the occupied territories will bring security: in Sinai, the West Bank, Gaza, the Golan Heights, and now in southern Lebanon. Disappointment never grows less. The enemy always has been reconstituted elsewhere, further back, and security is not to be had on these terms. For the sake of security, the Israelis are invited to take a leaf out of Pascal's book and wager on the off-chance that peace just happens to be possible. President Sadat has cunningly been the first to offer the chance for it: hand back territory, he tempts them, and you will see that you are safe. The response has been the old agnostic one of thinking that security results from successful military operations.

On March 11, the Palestine Liberation Organization for once was lucky. The Fatah ship navigated in error, two of the raiders were drowned, their dinghies landed in the wrong place, and still there were dead Israelis at the end of the day. The PLO also intended to draw the Israelis across the border into Lebanon for reprisals, the larger the scale the better. Given Menachem Begin, the PLO could have full confidence on that score.

The fiction of PLO independence of action, especially in Fatahland, has been nurtured by Syria. Eastern bloc arms reached the Palestinians through the port of Tyre by kind permission of the Syrians. Battered by the civil war, harassed and indeed killed by the Syrian army, Palestinian formations have been at an all time low. Their resistance to the Israelis has been minimal. Among the prisoners taken by the Israelis have been mercenaries recruited from other Moslem countries, such as Pakistan. All Palestinian groupings do what they are told, neither more nor less.

Like the Palestinians, the government of Elias Sarkis does what it is told. Lebanon today is a Syrian fief. The 30,000 Syrian soldiers stationed in the country are responsible for such law and order as there is. For instance, when a Syrian regiment recently occupied a Lebanese army barracks, a Lebanese colonel ordered them out, only to be promptly disowned and dismissed by his national government. In the circumstances, it is hard to believe that the raid on Tel Aviv took place without at least the foreknowledge and approval of Syria. Yassir Arafat is a man with nothing left to lose, and helplessly at the mercy of any backer he can find. Any measure will do, however desperate, to sabotage current Egyptian diplomacy. In this he at last has a common interest with Syrian President Hafez al-Assad. Indeed, to undermine Egyptian diplomacy is perhaps the final service Arafat and the PLO can do for Syria. Far from leading his troops at the moment of long-heralded combat with the Zionists, Arafat raced off to Damascus. Rumors are again circulating that he is due for the chop: he has served his purpose, drawn in the Israelis, and now it is time to regroup the Palestinians under Syrian control.

What the Syrians will do to capitalize on the new situation is the question of the hour. From the Mediterranean shore across to Mt. Hermon and along the Golan Heights to Jordan, the Syrian and Israeli forces are face to face. The UN contingents are a negligible factor, a pathetic figleaf the West has snatched at in the shame of its nakedness. Lebanon will become what is probably the only country ever blessed simultaneously with two peace-keeping forces whose purposes are different. Nobody expects a handful of Norwegians or Iranians to lay down their lives in the crossfire of two armies with 10,000 tanks between them. True, the Israelis are still 40 kilometers from Damascus. And President Assad is not foolhardy. So far he has shown his usual cool. He has done no more than issue warnings to Israel not to infringe on air space and he has welcomed volunteers (apparently even Iraqi help). King Hussein has fallen into line with what has become for the time being customary obedience.

The Israelis no doubt will begin to withdraw under assurances from the UN. Assad will then be able to brand them as aggressors compelled to turn tail by the world community, and he will hope to build this into some sort of victory. Egypt at least will not have

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profited, and the Syrian position in Lebanon will continue undisputed. But what if those assurances turn out to be illusory and the withdrawal is suspended? Then all President Assad needs to do is to instruct a few Palestinians north of the Litani River to fire off some Katyushas, and he will have the glory of more chain-reacting incidents and none of the odium. To the extent that he can get others to run his risks, he can determine what sort of stay the Israelis will have in Lebanon, and how long they will remain.

For some time, there have also been fanciful notions in Israel of an alliance with the Christian minority, reinforcing its militia to guarantee peace and security in southern Lebanon. No doubt the Israelis do indirectly protect the Christians, and the Pope is someone who would be advised to take note of it. His condemnations of Israel and his admonitions to his Christian flock make him more wolf than shepherd. But for the Christians to be under Israeli direction, or in a kind of armed partnership, is to expose all Christian communities throughout the Middle East, notably in Jordan.

If the Palestinians are no longer a strong enough instrument to harass Israel, and prudence prevents Assad from a war in which the Israelis might overrun his capital, he can only beg help from his Russian promoters, or perhaps from that last hope of dictators, the Cubans. The Saudis—who pay the Syrian budget deficit among other services—would be displeased by such a course. But presumably they would prefer it to direct Russian intervention of the kind seen after 1969 in Nasser's "war of attrition."

Moscow so far has limited itself to the stock ugly menacing gestures with which crises usually are handled there. The United States once again has neither policy nor presence as another corner of the globe is lost to it. Egypt has to watch helplessly as pro-Soviet regimes approach and encircle—and in that respect, Egypt and Israel are on the same footing. This realization dictated Sadat's trip to Jerusalem and gives urgency to the impetus for peace.

If Assad were Machiavellian, he would encourage the Israelis—through a series of carefully controlled provocations—to stay for as long as possible in southern Lebanon. Meanwhile, he would await the day when powerful friends can be persuaded to come to the rescue. At the very least, a prolonged unstable Israeli occupation must needle Sadat and diminish prospects for his peace initiative.

As for Menachem Begin, his desire to bring down vengeance on the PLO would have been felt and acted upon by any Israeli prime minister, though there is irony in reacting after PLO forces have ceased to be effective militants in the field. But probably they still will be able to use oil royalties to buy a few murders by night. One side effect of the Israeli invasion is to throw into relief the tactics resorted to by these "moderates" laying the base for a "democratic secular state" on the West Bank. But occupation of territory across an internationally agreed frontier is a response more appropriate to the pre-1967, and perhaps the pre-1948, Middle East in which Begin's mind was fixed on its course. Getting out is much trickier than getting in. What has been achieved so far is the extension of the buffer zone of occupied territory stretching around Israel's land borders to include the one small section that hitherto had escaped, much as it has been violated. In geopolitical terms, that completes a process that had been working itself out since the Six Day War, establishing security for Israel without the need for a Pascalian wager on Arab good intentions.

David Pryce-Jones

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Mideast Impasse, II

The Diplomatic Front

On the eve of Menachem Begin's visit to Washington last week, Carter administration officials retained some faint hopes that the Israeli Prime Minister might be flexible enough to get peace talks started again in the Middle East. "I can't believe he wants to go down in history as a man who had a chance of achieving peace, but lost it because of excessively rigid positions," said one official. During the visit, Carter aides say, the US side gave Begin a full assessment of where it thinks Begin's present course will lead—to the collapse and reversal of Anwar Sadat's peace initiative—and of what changes Begin could make that would keep the negotiating process alive. The Administration now seems to have concluded that Begin had his chance and blew it. Any hope for progress now depends, from the Carter standpoint, on capitulation by Egypt, which is deemed unlikely, or on "political developments" in Israel that either influence or topple Begin.

In interviews immediately following Begin's departure, White House officials were wary of talking about Begin's political standing at home, for fear of being accused of meddling in Israel's internal affairs. But before his visit administration analysts referred frequently and favorably to criticisms of Begin by leaders of the opposition Labour party and by members of his ruling coalition. They cited particularly an article by former Foreign Minister Abba Eban which said that a Labour government would have no difficulty in declaring that UN Secretary Council resolution 242 applies to the West Bank; thus a Labour government could achieve what Begin can or will not—agreement on a statement of principles with President Sadat and, possibly, Jordan's entry into peace negotiations.

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Getting Begin to change his position that resolution 242 does not apply to the West Bank was the top priority in Administration planning for the visit. The resolution calls for Israeli withdrawal from territories captured in 1967, in return for Arab recognition of Israel's right to live in peace. Ever since 1970, the Israeli government has agreed to the principle of withdrawal from the West Bank, although Israeli proposals always have included substantial adjustment in its borders and maintenance of security posts along the Jordan River. Begin insists that Israel must retain military control over the area, though he is willing to give administrative autonomy to the Arabs who live there. Publicly, Jordan's King Hussein has demanded that Israel commit itself to total withdrawal from the West Bank before he will participate in peace talks, and Sadat agrees with this.

Administration officials are not certain what it would take to get Hussein into the talks. But they do not believe an Israeli commitment to total withdrawal is necessary to get Sadat negotiating again. One said, "Sadat is not conditioning his moves on Hussein's joining, but on his being offered an opportunity to join on honorable terms. If Hussein won't come in after that, Sadat could proceed on his own and maybe even denounce Hussein—as he has Assad, for instance—as a 'dwarf' or a 'midget.'" Right now, the Administration thinks Begin is not offering honorable terms.

Begin does not buy the Administration's analysis of the situation. He thinks Sadat is bidding for an Israeli commitment to full withdrawal and even to creation of a Palestinian state. Both are unacceptable to Israel.

Sadat came to Washington last month threatening to call off his peace initiative in two months. This may have been a bluff. The Administration now believes there is more time than that before the Egyptian endeavor goes totally sour. US officials harbor visions of Sadat abruptly deciding to reverse field, perhaps declaring to his National Assembly that he had "unmasked the enemy" and "exposed Israeli intransigence" and that the Arabs should rededicate themselves to the anti-Israeli struggle. "There would be cables of congratulations from all over the Arab world," one official suggests, "a million people in the streets of Cairo. The Israelis would say, 'See the Arabs can't be trusted. Sadat's initiative was just tactical all along.'"

According to his aides, Carter intended to spell out his hopes and fears about the Middle East to Begin in unmistakable terms. On Begin's past two visits, according to officials, Carter was too polite and yielding, and Begin took advantage, beginning their meetings with rambling historical discourses on Jewish history and leaving with the impression that the United States supported Israeli policies. Carter's new resolve and Begin's standard stubbornness apparently made for a fatal chemistry last week.

Officials of both countries say there is opportunity for procedural activity—"busywork," perhaps—to keep the parties in contact. But either Egypt or Israel will have to make a major change in policy before there can be any substantive progress. The United States does not see any changes coming from Egypt. It hopes for some from Israel, but is not expecting any from Begin.

Before Begin's visit, one administration official said: "Four months ago, it looked as if Begin had the potential to rise to the historic occasion. Now you will find very few people in this town who think that. There has been too much nit-picking, too much arguing over clauses." Administration officials shared the hope that Begin might prove "another DeGaulle"—capable of abandoning long-held rigidities in the interest of peace. "Now," a State Department official said, "the DeGaulle analogy is getting kind of tenuous."

As Begin was preparing to leave the US, it appeared that neither government was eager for the kind of all-out political clash that many observers have been anticipating. US officials insisted they had no intention of reinstituting a Kissinger-style "reassessment"—the halt of military aid used in 1975 to pressure Israel into a Sinai disengagement agreement. Nor was there much stomach in Washington for cutoff of all aid, as Eisenhower threatened to force Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai in 1956.

But a huge political dust-up within the United States seems inevitable as a result of the Begin visit. Stepping out of President Carter's office, Begin immediately began to "remind public opinion" of the threats Israel faces and of the extent of its peace offers. Begin's National Press Club speech was another attempt to win political support within the United States. Carter, too, began immediately to sell his point of view, meeting with both the House International Relations Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to describe his differences with Begin.

Major pro-Israeli groups in the United States have had an anti-Administration campaign under way for some time. They have singled out Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, as the instigator of an anti-Israeli "tilt" in US policy. The campaign seems to have backfired. Major newspapers criticized efforts to force American Jews into a false unity. Senator Abraham Ribicoff, a Jewish Democrat from Connecticut, publicly chastised Jewish lobby groups for heavy-handed tactics and was rewarded with heavy favorable mail.

The focus of Jewish lobbying activity has been the Administration's decision to sell 60 F-15 jets to Saudi Arabia. At first it appeared that the sale faced certain defeat in Congress, and pro-Israeli groups seized upon it as a test of political strength with the Administration. The Administration has avoided the suggestion that it is any such thing, but lately it has become more likely that Carter might score a victory. Democratic Representative Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin, chairman of the House International Relations Committee, said

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that he thought Congress would approve the sale. "There is no doubt in my mind that support for Israel has eroded . . . particularly when Mr. Begin takes an obstinate stand on the settlements."

Developments in the United States are bound to renew discord in Israel of a type that was suspended temporarily after the recent Palestinian terrorist raid that killed 36 Israelis, and Israel's invasion of Lebanon that cost more than 500 lives. Carter does not have to meddle directly in Israel's domestic politics in order to affect them. Carter has made it clear that he prefers the flexibility of Defense Minister Ezer Weizman to Begin's immobility, and he has spelled out US-Israeli differences in such a way as to isolate Begin's Herut party from other Israeli factions. The Administration presumably would not be at all displeased if Begin's political opponents threatened to bring down his government, or did so.

Morton Kondracke

A program to aid "black capitalism" is just producing a select group of wealthy welfare addicts.

Capitalism Without Tears

by Stephen Chapman

Robert Singleton is a black contractor from Jacksonville, Florida, who overcame discrimination and an eighth-grade education to establish his own construction company. By anyone's standards he was a small operator: until 1972 his biggest project was a 60-by-80-foot office building that cost $250,000 to build. But that year the federal government's Small Business Administration approached him about accepting a $2.5 million contract to expand and improve an FAA air traffic control center. The SBA promised Singleton a 10 percent profit margin. Singleton at first refused. He relented only when an SBA official told him that declining this opportunity would set his race back 50 years. Not long after, the SBA offered him another contract, this one worth $2.2 million, to design and build 100 apartment houses for the Coast Guard. Singleton had no experience in building design, and this made him reluctant to accept the second offer. So the SBA arranged a joint venture with another black contractor. Both contracts were part of the SBA's so-called 8(a) program, which is supposed to channel federal contracts to small businesses whose owners are "socially or economically disadvantaged."

Within a year and a half, both jobs were behind schedule and well above the SBA's original cost estimates. Singleton believes the agency failed to provide the assistance it had promised, and set unreasonably low cost goals. When he told the SBA he would need more money to complete the projects, an official advised him to declare bankruptcy. When Singleton refused, the agency offered to provide him with additional contracts if he would serve as a "front" so a white-owned business in North Carolina could get a piece of the 8(a) action. Singleton rejected that offer too, and since then has been, in his words, on "the brink of financial ruin." Six years after he was first approached by the SBA, he is still struggling to get back on his feet, so far without much help from the agency.

The experience of Arthur McZier, another black businessman who got into the 8(a) program, differs greatly from Singleton's. He currently has a hefty food service contract at March Air Force base in Riverside, California, which he got three years after resigning his $36,000 post as the SBA's Assistant Administrator for Minority Enterprise. He still lives in Washington. Before going to work for the government, McZier had attended Harvard Business School and the Food Marketing Institute—not the sort of background one normally associates with social or economic disadvantage. But one SBA official defended giving the contract to McZier on the grounds that "just going to Harvard Business School and having a job in the government for three years does not take away from a black's disadvantage." Besides, the official said, it would be demeaning for an applicant to have to prove his disadvantage.

These and dozens of other instances of questionable practices in the 8(a) program were uncovered last summer in hearings held by Senator Lawton Chiles's subcommittee on federal spending practices. The hearings were sparked by a Miami *Herald* exposé and Robert Singleton's complaint to Chiles about his predicament. The committee heard a parade of witnesses testify about the program's commonplace

Stephen Chapman is a Washington writer.

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abuses: white firms using blacks as fronts to get 8(a) contracts, well-to-do blacks being certified as "disadvantaged," genuinely hard-pressed entrepreneurs receiving minimal help from the SBA. The agency, it developed, was actually setting up fronts through a subsidiary "sponsorship" program in which it would introduce people who qualified for 8(a) to white businessmen more familiar with the subject matter of the 8(a) contracts and arrange for them to work together. One group of firms in Dunn, North Carolina, created no fewer than seven phony black companies between 1971 and 1974, enabling them to obtain federal contracts worth $16 million—of which $4 million went to the white sponsors for "management fees" and the like. The SBA imposed a harsh sanction for this abuse: it required the white sponsors to sell their stock in the black firms, which they did, turning a profit of nearly a million dollars on their $37,500 investment. One of the black companies listed as its secretary-treasurer an illiterate 73-year-old janitor whose actual duties were limited to cleaning up around the office.

Embarrassed by the wide publicity given the hearings, President Carter's new SBA chief, A. Vernon Weaver, went before the committee in July to announce a moratorium on new admissions into the 8(a) program, to give him time to clean it up. Weaver pledged a thorough review of all sponsorships and a reevaluation of the whole program.

On March 7, the Chiles committee called Weaver back to report on the progress of his cleanup. So far, at least, only a small fraction of the companies picked for investigation have been audited, few have been dropped and the "sponsorship" arrangement has not been eliminated.

Section 8(a), authorizing the government to set aside contracts for small businesses, has been in the Small Business Act since its inception in 1953. Lyndon Johnson stumbled across this section in 1968 and decided to use it to direct government contracts toward areas of high unemployment. Richard Nixon revamped the program in 1969 to concentrate on minority businesses, as part of his campaign to promote "black capitalism." As formulated by Nixon, the program sets aside a certain portion of federal procurements, exempts them from normal competitive procedures and gives the contracts to qualified minority firms. To minimize legal problems, the SBA ostensibly reserves these contracts for "socially or economically disadvantaged" businesses, but the program is aimed almost exclusively at minorities. Last year $547 million in business with the federal government was awarded to 8(a) firms. These purchases are sole-source awards, not competitively bid. The SBA acts as the prime contractor for other federal agencies, subcontracting to certified 8(a) companies. In theory, participation in the program is supposed to be temporary, until a firm is on its feet and able to compete without special favors.

The 8(a) program is just one of several arrangements giving minority capitalists favored treatment in getting federal contracts. Last September President Carter promised to double the amount of federal money going to minority firms, insisting that they get a sizable chunk of the work on all major government projects. Last May Congress insisted that at least 10 percent of the funds in its four-billion-dollar public works bill go to minority-owned businesses. At last count, about 15 percent of this money is going to the minority businesses. The Commerce Department expects that 14,000 firms will be involved before all of it is spent.

Despite several lawsuits by white contractors, other departments are considering similar percentage goals. The Department of Transportation plans to award 15 percent of the work on rebuilding the northeast rail corridor to minority firms. A judge in Los Angeles ruled last fall that the percentage requirement in the public works bill was impermissible as "an invidious racial quota," but the question probably will have to be resolved by the Supreme Court. The Commerce Department's Economic Development Administration, which runs the public works minority program, reports that it has run into repeated problems of white firms setting up black fronts. It also has run into controversy determining the race of applicants. One applicant claimed that being one-128th American Indian qualified him for participation. The EDA was not convinced.

The philosophical basis of the 8(a) program, and these others, like that of so many well-intentioned government efforts to help minorities, is rather muddled. Like the Bakke case, 8(a) raises the question of how far the government should go in trying to redress racial discrimination. Like the Bakke case, it involves obnoxious racial quotas. But the 8(a) program differs in at least one important respect from the medical school minority admission quota protested by Allan Bakke. Bakke had no way of proving, after all, that he would have made a better doctor than the 16 minority students admitted under the University of California's quota. The school contended that all those admitted were academically qualified, and that it had a right to choose among those meeting certain standards, particularly since there is no real way to measure how good a doctor each applicant would be. In federal procurement, the distinctions are much clearer. The best way to distribute government business is to let it out for competitive bids and give it to the lowest bidder. Awarding sole-source contracts to minority firms, without competition, has a very specific cost: the difference between what the government would pay for a competitively-awarded project and what it has to pay for a set-aside contract. In the Bakke case, it wasn't clear that the University of California was sacrificing anything in giving preference to some minority students; in the case of the 8(a) program the federal government incurs a tangible financial loss.

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And to what end? The aid plainly doesn't go to those minority firms that are most innovative or efficient; they can get competitive government contracts. Nor does it help those at the bottom of the income scale, since the genuinely poor aren't likely to start businesses and go out looking for federal contracts. It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that the prime beneficiary of this program is a particular group of middle-class minority businessmen who are either too slow to compete effectively or too smart to bother. Firms certified for 8(a) contracts may lack technical or managerial skills, but in a sheltered government market those assets are less valuable than political clout. The SBA has a reputation for taking good care of important constituents of key members of Congress. "The SBA is a captive of Congress," one critic says. "It does whatever the small business committees want, and they protect it from overly intense scrutiny." A representative may see the 8(a) program as a means of securing support in the district's black or Hispanic community by interceding for an aspiring businessman, who in turn can be expected to spread the word every election year that the representative is a friend of the downtrodden. The minority businessman who knows his representative, or a key person in the Pentagon or an SBA staffer, certainly stands a better chance of getting his nose in the 8(a) trough than the hard-working entrepreneur without connections who spends all his time worrying about cutting costs and raising productivity.

The sheltered 8(a) market is in most ways the antithesis of the competitive marketplace for which it is supposed to prepare minority firms. To make it in the private sector, a business has to offer its customers a better product, a lower price, or better service than its competitors. If it can't do so, it goes out of business. That, by the way, is what happens to most new firms, regardless of their owners' race: each year about 700,000 new businesses start up and about half a million fail. In the artificial world of government procurement, however, efficiency, service and price frequently are not the factors that decide a company's fate: political connections carry equal or greater weight. In the 8(a) program, they are given almost exclusive weight.

The rationale for providing minority firms with a sheltered market is that they require protection from competition while they are learning the ropes. Such assistance is necessary, the theory goes, to enable them to overcome the handicaps caused by discrimination. This idea is analogous to the old "infant industry" argument in economics, which holds that certain industries can flourish only if they are protected from competition from abroad during their early stages of growth. Used mainly by countries looking for an excuse to erect high trade barriers, the infant industry theory is notable mainly for the negligible number of healthy adults it has produced. Likewise the 8(a) program has suckled hundreds of firms that never got weaned, much less grew up big and strong. Since 1969, 3740 firms have been certified as entitled to participate in the 8(a) program. There is some confusion about how many have graduated: SBA says 252, the Chiles committee claims it's only 70.

Several flaws in the program can be blamed for the scarcity of its success stories. Most glaring is the lack of clear criteria for graduation and a time limit on participation in the program. Some of the firms currently certified have been in the 8(a) portfolio for years. This means first that the SBA has failed to prepare certified companies for normal competitive business. It also means that fewer new firms are being admitted to the program. Instead of establishing and enforcing clear standards for firms to leave the 8(a) womb, the SBA relies on more or less subjective judgments about each company's prospects for success in the real world. Evidently it takes a pessimistic view in most cases. Of course cutting firms loose to sink of their own weight isn't calculated to endear senators and representatives, who have to listen to the complaints of those businessmen affected.

Naturally, companies participating in the program have no reason to leave voluntarily. No businessman in his right mind would give up set-aside contracts, with practically guaranteed profits, for the rigors and uncertainties of competition. "The SBA hasn't pushed firms to diversify and get into private markets," says John Topping, former chief counsel for the Commerce Department's Office of Minority Business Enterprise. "The firms know there's not much chance of being graduated." Consequently few 8(a) companies could make it outside even if they wanted to. "There probably aren't many firms that should be graduated, because the SBA has never pressed them to take those steps necessary to enable them to operate in a competitive market," Topping says. Unscrupulous participants profit from the SBA's lax rule, since they can feed off the program almost indefinitely; the sincerely ambitious suffer, since they don't get the benevolent discipline they need to make progress.

In terms of its own objectives, the 8(a) program fully deserves its characterization by Chiles as "a monumental failure." Its defenders point out that 8(a) firms have increased their sales to the federal government from $11 million in 1968 to $547 million last year, as if that were an end in itself. Favoring minorities in federal purchasing contracts originally was intended as a way of increasing the number of successful minority firms operating throughout the US economy. As the program has turned out, though, it has done little more than to enrich the lucky few certified firms. Last year the 8(a) program accounted for only about half the government's purchases from minority firms: the rest were awarded through normal procedures, suggesting that minority companies can compete with white firms

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without having to rely on set-aside contracts. "A large number of firms have been successful in the competitive marketplace, and some of them would rather avoid the stigma of taking an 8(a) contract," Topping says.

The suspicion behind the 8(a) program—that minority-group Americans face unfair disadvantages when they go out to plant, harvest and enjoy the fruits of capitalism—obviously is well founded. For one thing, success in small business often depends on a web of acquaintance with other local businessmen and bankers that is hard for outsiders to crack. Few would dispute, furthermore, that greater minority participation in American business life would benefit everyone in this country. But, if the federal government wishes to concern itself with this problem, it would be wiser to concentrate on putting minority entrepreneurs in a position where they are able to compete rather than putting them in a position where they don't need to.

As far as civil rights go, it looks a lot like the Old North.

The Other Side of the New South (II)

by Nick Kotz

Union High School in Sumter County, Georgia, which includes Plains, is in bad physical disrepair, with pigeons roosting in the rafters and rain dripping through the ceiling. The state fire marshal has declared the building hazardous and a state legislative committee had condemned it. A bond issue to build a new county high school recently was voted down, despite a tape-recorded message of support from Sumter resident Jimmy Carter. The schools that serve Plains offer a good example of what the experts call "second generation" civil rights issues.

The Sumter County school system is in trouble today because many whites have sent their children to the private Southland Academy, and no longer want to give the public schools their tax support. The county school superintendent, several school principals, and members of the school board—the key people in running the public schools—all have their own children and grandchildren in private schools.

Things are better in Americus, 10 miles from Plains. Officials there support the public school system, as do the citizens of adjoining Lee County, which recently approved a bond issue to build a new $2.5 million high school.

School desegregation continues to be a problem in the rural South 24 years after the Supreme Court's first desegregation decision, and not only because of white flight. In Albany, southwest Georgia's principal city, 40 miles south of Plains, civil rights leaders return to court every few years as the public schools never have been fully desegregated. Fifteen out of 35 schools in the city are either 90 percent black or 90 percent white. Ten schools are virtually all black.

An even more pressing issue to Southern blacks today is how their children are treated in school. The American Friends Service Committee and Children's Defense Fund both have documented hundreds of cases in which black children have been "pushed out" of Southern schools under the guise of disciplinary action—action that is not taken against white students. In a recent and typical case in Terrell County, Georgia, two students were expelled after a teacher smelled liquor on their breaths and gave them a breathalizer test. The parents appealed the dismissals to federal court. Judge Wilbur Owens ordered the students re-enrolled, ruling that the school system arbitrarily was throwing students out of school, inflicting an overly severe punishment, without any pretense of fairness or due process.

Leroy and Ida Mae Young moved from their farm in rural Worth County to Albany "so our kids could live in peace." The Youngs' oldest children, the first students to integrate the Worth County schools, had been shipped off to a juvenile detention center by white officials resisting integration. The final blow came 10 years later when their son was expelled from school, accused of "laughing like a dog" on the school bus. Young said, "I had to move before somebody hurt me or I hurt somebody."

Another new school issue in the rural South is the

Nick Kotz is co-author with Mary Lynn Kotz of *A Passion for Equality* (Norton). This is the conclusion of a two-part report.

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question of "tracking"—separating children of the same grade into different "ability groups." The track system, long used in Northern urban schools, was not introduced in southwest Georgia until integration. Some blacks support the track system, believing that both exceptional students and slow learners will benefit from being in their own tracks. Others strongly disagree, believing that system is educationally harmful and is used as a thin guise for resegregation. "It used to be when the schools were segregated, that we had smart black kids and smart white kids," said R.L. Freeman, a former assistant principal in Americus's black schools. "Now all too many black kids are assigned to the bottom track." His view is shared by Eugene Cooper, a black organizer in Sumter County and chairman of Sumter County Organization for Public Education (SCOPE). "Integration has not helped the typical black child," said Cooper. "They have completely lost their identity, their sense of community. I think it was designed that way."

Many parents and children, however, both white and black, believe that integration is working. And as long as that belief is there, it has a chance.

Veterans of the civil rights movement were not surprised to read recently in the newspapers about the "Dawson Five" case. Dawson, population 5000, and located 26 miles south of Plains, is the county seat of Terrell County, which became known during the 1960s as "Terrible Terrell," a rural area in southwest Georgia that even the boldest civil rights workers avoided, especially at night. Civil rights workers had been beaten in the county jail; churches and offices had been burned there; and four black people had died mysteriously. The "Dawson Five" case seemed just another chapter. Five local black youths were charged with fatally shooting a customer in a country store. The store owner did not identify them as the perpetrators until five days after the incident, even though several were regular customers at the store and had charge accounts there. The case recently was thrown out of court, but not before defense attorneys from Team Defense, a non-profit group opposing the death penalty, had shown that the defendants had been threatened with castration and execution and that the signature of one of them on a waiver of rights was forged. The list of citizens from which juries are selected was revised after the defense showed that few blacks were included, despite a 60 percent black population in the county.

Since the Dawson Five case, a federal court judge has issued an injunction to stop many violations of the rights of other black prisoners held in the Terrell County jail. These prisoners routinely have been held for months without being permitted an attorney, without a pretrial hearing or a chance to make reasonable bail. The prisoners were ill-fed, subject to beatings by other prisoners and denied medical treatment.

Millard Farmer, the Atlanta defense attorney who handled the Dawson Five case and others for Team Defense, does not believe that the criminal justice system has improved for poor blacks in the rural South. "Elitism and racism have only changed in small ways," he said. "In some ways, it was easier to fight in the 1960s, when things were visible and obvious." C.B. King, a black Albany attorney who has handled many civil rights cases, says, "There has not been a significant reduction in terrorism. I file as many civil rights deprivation cases now as I did at the height of the movement."

Individual blacks who measure their daily lives against earlier times see more progress than King and Farmer do. Virtually every black I interviewed said a major change is a reduction in the fear of what whites might do to black people. Lucius Holloway, 45, a black insurance agent, has been an important civil rights advocate in Terrell County since the earliest days of the movement. He can recall being jailed as a teenager, falsely charged with violating an 11 pm curfew for blacks. His early civil rights work got him fired from his post office job. "Today," he said, "black people feel freer to open up and move about Terrell County. There is less fear of the police. You can register and vote, although some people are pressured economically—told that they'll lose their job if troublemakers get elected."

Holloway is now organizing an NAACP chapter, which Terrell never has had. In the past, Holloway explained, blacks would give money to the NAACP, but only if they could do so secretly, without their names being recorded on any lists that might fall into the wrong hands. Much of the improvement in the county, Holloway stresses, has resulted from federal law and court orders. "I sure hope Judge Owens lasts," said Holloway. "He's providing justice to southwest Georgia."

Judge Wilbur Owens, 48, who serves the middle district of Georgia, is a Republican and former assistant US attorney, appointed to the federal district court by Richard Nixon in 1972. Civil rights lawyers call him a good "liberal conservative." He has ruled in favor of blacks on a variety of voting rights, criminal justice and employment discrimination cases. His role is crucial for black progress and not appreciated by white officials. "It seems to us that no one individual should have that kind of power," says Albany Mayor James Gray.

Blacks outnumber whites in "Terrible Terrell," but they have yet to translate their population majority into election of blacks to public office. They report, however, that white officeholders have improved their treatment of and services to blacks. Holloway pointed to his street, which was just paved, 15 years after he first petitioned for the improvement. He says that other city services have improved for black neighborhoods. "They're not doing this out of the goodness of their hearts," he said. "A lot of these things are being

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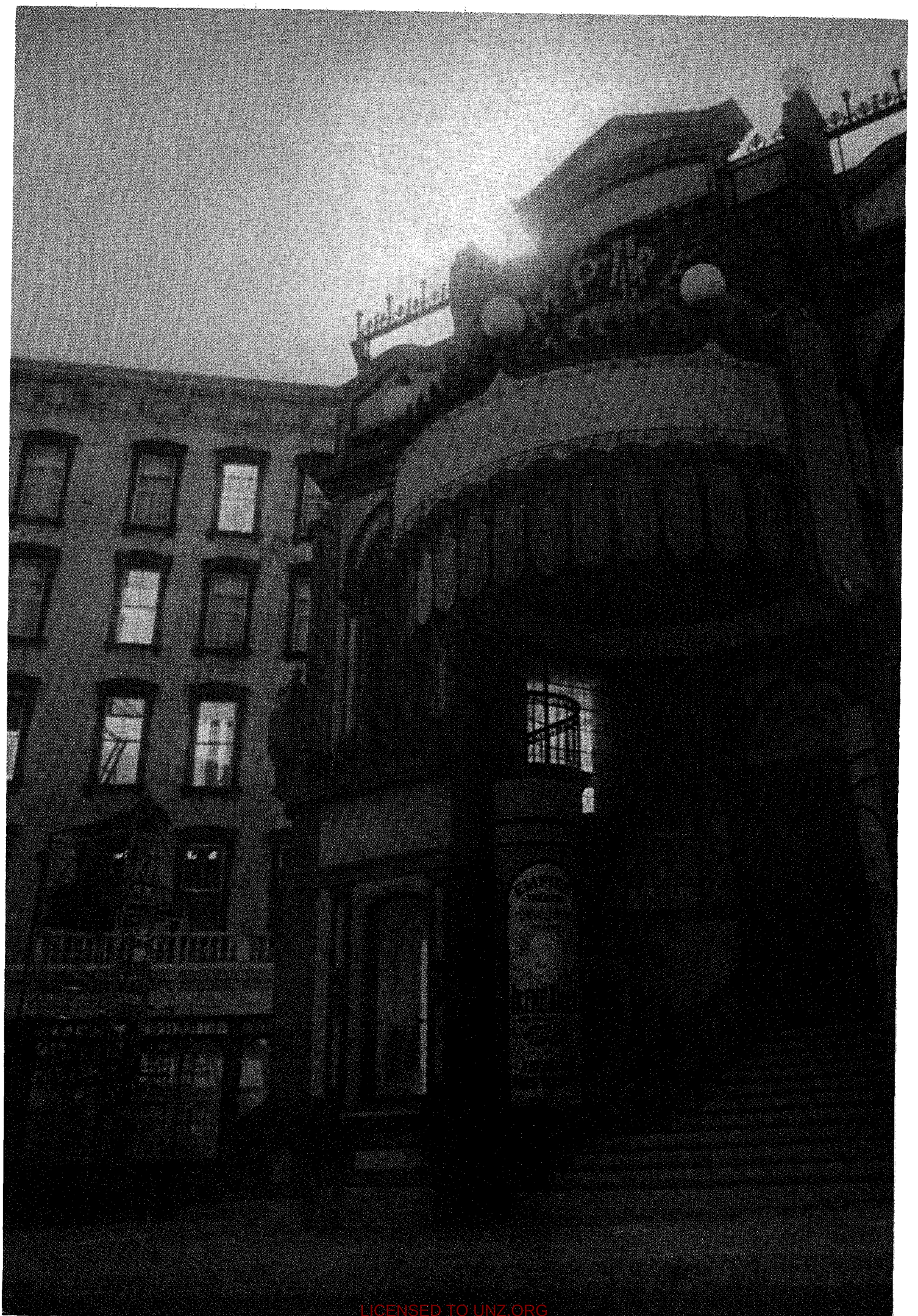

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"This is the set where they shot 'Hello, Dolly!' What you can't see is us pumping oil behind it."

"One of the strangest places I ever produced oil," says Gulf Production Superintendent Eddie Culbertson, "was right here in Los Angeles in the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox studio.

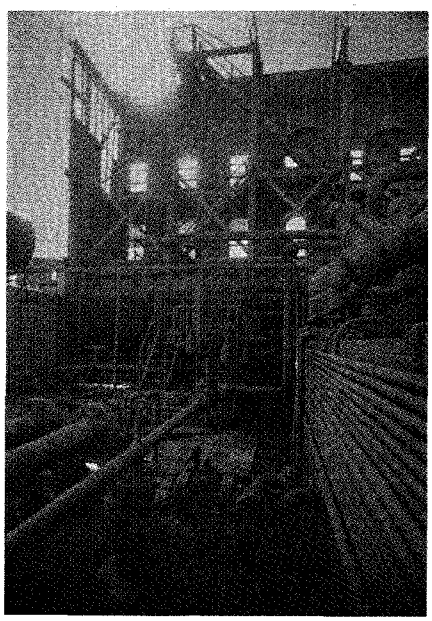
"We showed them how they could have their oil *and* their movies."

"They found a big oil field right under a permanent set being used for shooting the movie 'Hello, Dolly!' in 1969.

The indirect approach

"How do you get at the oil without disturbing the set, the streets, or the buildings? With a technique called directional drilling. The oil is under the city as far away as one mile from the surface location of the drill sites, which are hidden by the scenery.

"Directional drilling has other advantages. You can drill 20 or 30 wells from one drill site instead of filling the landscape with oil derricks. Or you can drill for some offshore oil without putting the drilling rig right in the water.



"Behind the scenery are 22 producing oil wells."

Keep America beautiful

"Sometimes it's a real challenge getting the oil without spoiling the landscape. Directional drilling is one way to do it. There are many more.

"Getting the oil out and preserving the environment is a challenge, but I'd say we were meeting it very well."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Main intersection at a Hollywood oil field.

Gulf Oil Corporation

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done with federal money, and we've got our eyes on them."

Holloway also believes there is less job discrimination today, a subject on which blacks in southwest Georgia and other parts of the rural South offer widely differing opinions. Holloway cited the employment of at least three black foremen at a local peanut processing plant, black foremen on all three shifts at the Yale Rubber Company, and blacks in inspection and clerical jobs at a Dawson textile mill.

Industrial development in the rural South has done little to improve job opportunities for blacks. The areas of most industrial development are not the areas with the largest black population. Industrial growth has been greatest in a channel down the Piedmont in the Carolinas, across central Tennessee and then across northern Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. But the largest black population runs in another belt east and south of the new industrial development. Generally speaking, industry avoided the black population and opted for a better-trained, available and low-wage white work force.

A report last year by the Task Force on Southern Rural Development compared the recent gains of Southern whites and blacks. In the 244 Southern rural counties with the largest black population, 56 percent of blacks and 20 percent of whites lived in poverty. Blacks comprised 40 percent of the population but got only 16 percent of the new industrial jobs over the past decade—a smaller share than the 21 percent that blacks had gotten in the previous 10 years. Whites had a net gain of new industrial jobs over lost agricultural jobs of 287,000 jobs during the decade. Blacks suffered a net loss of 97,000 jobs.

The Delta Foundation, a nonprofit community development corporation in Greenville, Mississippi is one of the few very successful efforts to help poor blacks in the rural South. This cooperative enterprise grossed seven million dollars in sales last year, with a metal stamping company, a ladder company, a small electronic firm and financing of a black-owned radio station and several small stores. Measured against white business, this is a relatively small operation. But it is the 42nd largest black business in the country. Unfortunately, similar efforts in other southern rural areas, including southwest Georgia, have been far less successful.

Lack of success in these black community development businesses has been attributed partly to undercapitalization, partly to lack of management experience and partly to the difficulties of combining social idealism and business.

Albany, the chief trade center for southwest Georgia, has been a classic New South boomtown. Yet Albany blacks, 43 percent of whom live in poverty, seem to have benefited only marginally. More than 50 industries have plants in Albany, many of them lured there by subsidies from the city. Kroger, MacGregor Firestone and Rockwell International are among th industrial names drawn to Albany during the last fev years. The leading promoter of Albany is Mayor Jame H. Gray, who also directs the Payroll Developmen Authority, owns the city's daily newspaper an television station and has been president of th Chamber of Commerce five times.

Part of the city's sales pitch is an unspoiled non-unio labor force. As the mayor puts it, "We've got th working man out of the union hall. He's a homeowner a church member, a social club member."

City Commissioner Mary Young, who is black, be lieves local blacks have been discriminated against: "W are paying for this industry as taxpayers, but white from surrounding counties are getting the jobs," sh said. "The city advertises a cheap, docile labor force an blacks in the inner city are not considered docile." A. C Searles, editor of a weekly black paper and president o the Albany NAACP, points an accusing finger at Mayo Gray. "He doesn't have a single black reporter on hi paper or visible on his television station," Searles said

Albany blacks have gained jobs mainly as a result o federal action. Judge Owens ruled that the city govern ment discriminated against blacks in hiring an promotion, and has ordered the hiring of dozens o blacks for non-menial positions. Blacks have als benefited from those much-maligned War on Poverty programs, especially a Head Start program, run for th last 12 years by Harambee Day Care Center, in whic 28 teachers work with almost 400 poor black young sters. There are many success stories, not only of child ren who went through the program but of teachers a well. Mary Jones, 44, for example, started 12 years ag as a teacher's aide. At the time she had only an 11t grade education, no job and dim prospects. Today, Mrs Jones is a teacher in the day care program, has earne a college degree and owns a new $34,000 home i Country Club Estates, a suburban neighborhood i transition from white to black. Mrs. Jones and he husband, a stock clerk in a government supply facility earn $18,000 between them. They have sent two c their children through college. But she still sees racia problems. "We struggled to give our children colleg educations and they can't get jobs here," she reported "There is still awful employment discrimination."

In Americus, young blacks with higher educatio make the same complaint. Henry Lee Wilkerson, 2 who has a degree in behavioral science from Georgi Southwestern college, says he can't get a job in socia work or as a salesman, yet sees his white contem poraries from college getting jobs.

The depth of poverty in southwest Georgia i indicated by the welfare statistics. In the Albany metro politan area one out of eight people receives foo stamps and one out of ten gets help from the welfar program for mothers and dependent children. Th percentages are similar in Sumter County, an

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robably there are many more eligible people who have ot applied. "The payment level is so low that many eople prefer to do without, considering the harass- ıent and red tape," said Patricia Johnson, Georgia irector of the AFDC and food stamp program. She ɔinted out that the state's $147 monthly payment to a ɔur-member family is only 65 percent of the state's 969 standard of need. And even this welfare aid is not vailable to two-parent families, which are still in the ıajority among the Southern rural poor. If there is a right spot in the welfare picture, it is that poor blacks ı the rural South less frequently are being denied elfare benefits to which they are entitled. Fannie Lee urnette, for example, lives outside Plains in a shack ıat lacks running water, a toilet or any heat other than wood stove. But she has survived on $230 a month in ld age welfare payments, supplementing that income ntil recently with food stamps. "Things are better," ıe said. "At least we get something to eat now. Not too ɔng ago we didn't have anything to eat but bread, and ad to beg like a dog."

. erhaps the bleakest story for Southern rural blacks ɔday is the rapid disappearance of the black farmer and ndowner. These blacks are suffering the same roblems as small farmers everywhere in the country, ut that explanation alone will not suffice. The 1974 gricultural census showed fewer than 50,000 black- wned farms remaining in the country. The decline has celerated in recent years. At the present rate of black nd loss—300,000 acres a year—there will be no black ırmers left in 1990. This trend totally belies the owing optimism of accounts of Southern blacks eturning from the North to till the Southern soil.

In the four-county area around President Carter's rm in southwest Georgia, the number of black- wned farms declined by 53 percent (from 193 farms to 2) between 1969 and 1974, while white-owned farms ecreased by only 14 percent. Even Homer Smothers, ıe largest black landowner in the area, the one picked ı a model farmer, has had problems. Smothers, who rms more than 1000 acres and has a net worth of 700,000, recently was refused a loan by the Produc- ɔn Credit Association. Smothers was saved from dif- culty by getting an FHA loan, which normally goes to naller farmers. "I get a strong feeling that Homer was jected because he was black," said Hugh Gleaton, the ımter County FHA supervisor. "He might have ecome too successful for some of these white board embers." James Mays, another black farmer, couldn't et a loan even though he offered over 2000 acres of nd as security.

If Smothers and Mays can't get financing, black small ea farmers don't have a chance. "Blacks are not going ut of business because they don't know how to farm," ıid Joseph Brooks, Emergency Land Fund director. They are simply not getting the credit and services hite farmers get from the Agriculture Department."

The latest report of the Agriculture Department's own Office of Equal Opportunity noted that FHA farm ownership loans to blacks had steadily declined from 810 in 1971 to 166 last year. Only 44 percent of black farmers participated in Soil Conservation Service programs in Georgia, while 72 percent of white farmers did. The important county ASCS offices, which determine farm payments, employ only 15 blacks out of 753 professionals throughout the South. In Georgia there are two blacks out of 112 professional employees. There are no blacks serving on the ASCS county committees in Georgia and only seven black alternates out of 787 members and alternates. There are only three black committee members in the entire South. Only 11 percent of black farmers in Georgia received agricultural advice from the extension service. Only 51 blacks held professional extension service jobs in Georgia last year. This is three less than the equivalent figure in 1971.

Most black farmers in Sumter County, unable to afford expensive farm machinery, have been forced out of the peanut business. For a time, they can lease their valuable government price support allotments to white farmers, but eventually they will lose these as well, which will effectively bar them from profitable peanut production.

Joe Brooks's Emergency Land Fund is trying to save the black-owned farm by providing services that should come from the Agriculture Department. "I'm a boxed-in farmer," said Fred Bennett, president of a black landowners' association. "I'm limited in land, limited in assets, limited in knowledge of where the market is and how to reach it. I have some acres and can't get any more, but I can't leave it after working it all my life." Bennett hopes that some black farmers will survive by forming cooperatives. There are several black cooperative associations in the South which are fighting to buck the trend.

Southern farmland is growing increasingly valuable as industrial and residential development continues. Industrial development is beginning to edge toward the principal areas of the Southern black population. "We're in a holding pattern," said Brooks. "The question is whether there are going to be any black landowners left when that development gets there—or whether we're all going to be on welfare in Chicago."

Of course there has been progress in the rural South. But I was struck by how much progress today is dependent on federal civil rights laws, federal court orders, and federal assistance programs—ones that the neoconservatives today tell us did not work. Many of the newer problems in the rural South today have a familiar Northern ring to them—problems like "urban removal" of blacks as part of urban renewal, problems like resegregation and tracking in the schools. As one black leader recently told me: "I'll tell you about this New South. It's just like the Old North, and that isn't good enough."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

"If Hitler Walked Through That Door"

The Confessions of Winifred Wagner (Bauer International). In 1975 the German filmmaker Hans-Jürgen Syberberg was commissioned by Bavarian and Austrian TV to make a documentary about Winifred Wagner, the 78-year-old daughter-in-law of Richard Wagner, widow of Wagner's son Siegfried. Frau Wagner consented on condition that there be five hours of interviewing on four days with no cuts or trimmings. The five-hour film was shot, broadcast in 1976, and created a storm of discussion. Now a 104-minute condensation has been prepared, with some intertitles and stills. It's being shown at the invaluable Film Forum in New York and will be seen in other cities.

I haven't seen the uncut version, so I can't say whether the condensation is an improvement or not. Certainly it's enough to impress. By implication it raises many of the subjects that were raised explicitly in Marcel Ophuls's *Memory of Justice* (*TNR*, Oct. 9, '76) and raises some that were not Ophuls's concern. The film consists almost entirely of medium close-ups of Frau Wagner, answering questions. (With adequate subtitles.) Syberberg, born in 1935, began his film career by filming some Brecht theater productions with Brecht's permission in the early 1950s, and he has gone on to make some (apparently) provocative films on Ludwig II, Karl May, and others. The best element in his Wagner documentary is its simplicity; the editorial comments on the screen, designed to show his wisdom and his distance, are not invariably helpful.

The film caused comment because Frau Wagner confirms, unabashedly and with great affection, that she and Adolf Hitler were good friends from 1923 until 1945. When he was in prison at Landsberg in 1923, she sent him gifts including the manuscript paper he wanted, and she says laughingly that therefore some people think she helped in the writing of *Mein Kampf*. When he came to power, his worship of Richard Wagner led him to take a close interest in the Bayreuth Festival and to make various concessions so that it could keep running during the war. Frau Wagner answers every question put to her with composure, without evasion, with an air of reasonableness and candor. She is a handsome woman (English-born), utterly composed, utterly unpolemical, with—from her view, at least—some wit and humor. If one had interviewed the late Lady Churchill (whom Frau Wagner resembles slightly) about her belief in her husband and his policies, the replies might well have been put with the same dignity, warmth, loyalty, lack of rhetoric or malevolence—and the same reliance on a reasonable listener's understanding of her behavior.

The film's power is in its non-power—that is, Frau Wagner's complete uninterest in the polemical, her calm conversational manner in which she tells us these, to us, explosive facts. She became a Nazi and she tells us why. (The familiar reasons about the turbulence and Communist threats after the First War, the order and purpose of the Nazis.) She says she had no animus against Jews, that the anti-Semitism in the government was the work of Streicher whom she didn't like and never received. (The film was made in some of the grand rooms of Wahnfried, the Wagner shrine in Bayreuth where she lives.) She says she often entertained the Jewish artists—and homosexuals—of the Festival until the war, and she pleads the usual ignorance of the death camps. She insists that she was not political, she was German.

All this we have heard in one voice or another before now, though rarely with this equanimity. The added dimension here is Frau Wagner's personal regard for Hitler. He was a friend, with whom she rarely discussed politics. He usually stayed in this house when he was in Bayreuth. He adored her children. He called her Wini, she called him Wolf—his code name among her friends. He ha magnetic eyes. He had typical "Austria warmth." She tells us all this affec tionately in the face of the world' estimate of the man. She obviously feel that she is demonstrating the silliness c believing that a man with Hitler' political career could not privately hav been a charming friend. "If Hitle walked through that door today," sh says, "I would be just as pleased an happy to see him here as ever I was."

All this made me feel again tha Luchino Visconti and others have don great disservice to causes they though they were helping by showing Nazis a people who slept with their mothers an wore women's underwear at drunke parties and that's how you could identif them. Statistically it's impossible tha most Nazis were *not* as rational an sincerely patriotic as Frau Wagner, tha most Germans under Hitler behave most of the time like most peopl everywhere. That is precisely what i frightening. I disagree strongly wit Harold Rosenberg's comment in hi review of Ophuls's film (*New York Revieu* Jan. 20 '77) that he regarded " commis eration for the Nazis as 'human being as intellectually degrading and morall degenerate." Firstly, I don't thin Ophuls was asking for such commisera tion. But, more to the point here, if yo think of the Nazis as anything *other* tha human beings, you diminish the horro To think of Hitler's Germany as a natio of beasts or programmed robots is t reduce the murders to statistics c accidents, like auto crashes or floo deaths in Bangladesh. Every nation ha

Films Worth Seeing

Blue Collar. Detroit auto workers and unionism today. Script keeps sliding but the picture of that world is sharp and steady.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. The Film God—tremenduous images engulfing sound—using the UFO as its subject matter. Stunning.

Saturday Night Fever. Vividly drawn city-within-a-city. John Travolta fine as the Saturday-night faun.

Summer Paradise. Swedish family troubles. Intelligent if not startling. Well acted. Directing debut of Gunnel Lindblom, a Bergman actress.

SK

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s contradictions, though not many ave produced in one half-century both Käthe Kollwitz and an Ilse Koch. But ven the contradictions between ifferent people are not the point: the oint is that the same Walter Gieseking ho made many of the most delicate of lozart recordings also propagandized or Hitler. The point in this film is that rau Wagner is a woman of cultivation nd appeal. That to me is much more ightening than writing off her and ns of millions of other Germans as ub-human.

(And a considerable case can be made, think, that the current terrorism in ermany is the insane response of some embers of two postwar generations to ne fact that *their* parents, *their* grandarents, *their* neighbors and communities committed those atrocities and ill go on living normal lives.)

Syberberg's film also raises a large ultural subject—Richard Wagner imself. Frau Wagner came to know litler only because the Führer enerated Wagner's works and saw em as embodying true German ideals. it weren't for that original fact about litler, this picture would never have een made. Richard Wagner is protoypical of a great deal that repulses and at fascinates about Germany. On the ne hand there is Wagner, the maniacal, lood-and-iron, anti-Semitic Teuton. et's not even bother with personal etails like his behavior with friends, ale and female.) On the other hand ere is Wagner, the titanic genius whom the young Nietzsche saw as the new Prometheus restoring Dionysian flame to a pallid civilization. (And the older Nietzsche never really recanted. As Thomas Mann said, ". . . Nietzsche's [later] polemic against Wagner pricks on enthusiasm for the composer rather than lames it.") Eric Bentley, in that masterwork *The Playwright as Thinker*, pairs Wagner with Ibsen as one of the two great modern exponents of tragedy. Yet this is, inseparably, the same Wagner who inspired Hitler.

These contradictions—in Frau Wagner, in Richard Wagner, in Germany—are humbling, even humiliating, because they haven't occurred on the moon, they occurred right here in the Western world of which we are all a part. I don't subscribe to the fake-Tolstoyan sentiment that "we are all guilty" for Hitler. Some people commit certain acts, some do not, and to confuse that fact is to make hash of ethics, if not of morality. But if as fellow-humans we take pride in German achievements, which we do simply by listening to German music and reading German books and seeing German plays and films and studying German science and philosophy, how can we neatly disconnect ourselves from German filth? Connection is connection. To love *Tristan* does not make one a potential guard at Buchenwald, but there were guards at Buchenwald who loved *Tristan*. And that's the fright, that's the mystery, that Syberberg's superficially quiet picture pushes into our watching faces.

Michael Ullman on jazz

onny Rollins

hen Sonny Rollins returned to the merican jazz scene in 1972 after the ird of his self-imposed sabbaticals om public performance, he verwhelmed audiences once again with ne sheer power and intelligence of his laying. His tone had broadened—it had growling edge to it, and Rollins began sing an almost raucous vibrato. His laying was confident, even exuberant. o start a set on a good night, he would ander into the audience playing a long, unaccompanied solo, unamplified and uninterrupted. He would play a little rhythmic figure, then repeat and vary it, either developing a motif or dropping it to introduce a snatch of a popular song or a theme of Dvorak's. He moved from tune to tune: it was amusing to watch his band pick up their instruments at what seemed to be their cue, and then lower them again as Rollins entered a new area with his solo. He seemed restless, happy, and totally in control,

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even of rude New York audiences. One night at the Village Vanguard I saw him face a noisy crowd. When a drunk approached him with a request in the

Sonny Rollins by Michael Ullman

middle of a solo, Rollins played a mocking phrase that accompanied the boor back to his seat. Disgruntled at an audience's reaction to a ballad, Rollins countered with a hard-bopping blues that made one realize why musicians refer to their horns as "axes." During the weeks at the Village Vanguard in 1972, Rollins changed his rhythm section nightly; he was rediscovering his sound and was forced constantly to impose his ideas on a new group that was in awe of him. His audiences shared his joy at his ability to overcome all the musical obstacles he confronted. Typically his ballads ended with an extended, virtuosic cadenza, and he finished most sets with a long, floating rhapsodic solo on one of his bouncy calypsos. Known earlier for his use of silence and space, for his orderly improvising, and for his often sardonic wit, Rollins in 1972 seemed ready to add an ecstatic lyricism to his other styles: he was singing in full-throated ease.

Considering the near mastery of his music and environment that Rollins demonstrated at the Village Vanguard, one had to wonder about the three-year hiatus in public playing. In various interviews Rollins suggested that the reason for the most recent retirement had been his dissatisfaction with the music industry rather than with his own playing. Still, Rollins is, as Dexter Gordon told me in his most oracular tones, "a very complex man." Rollins's perplexing performance at the Newpor Jazz Festival in New York in 197 suggests this complexity. After triumphant engagement at the Villag Vanguard, Rollins was to play before th excited and expectant crowd fillin Carnegie Hall. In his 40-minute set h seemed distracted and shy. He wandere on and off the stage; he began a piec stating the theme, and as the secon chorus started, just at the point when h should begin improvising, he seemed t freeze—and he restated the theme. Fe people who saw them could forget th gently imploring looks that Rollins' guitar player Masuo gave him when th guitarist had played 14 or 15 choruses o solo and was hoping to entice Rollin back to the microphone. I have seen thi curious and disheartening proces several times since the 1972 Carnegi Hall concert. It suggests that, at times a least, public performance is a burden t Rollins.

One can understand the difficulty o playing night after night in the Rollin manner. He is a most orderly im proviser. In a famous essay on Rollins' performance of "Blue Seven" (availabl on Prestige-24050), Gunther Schulle describes Rollins's thematic improvisa tion, a technique that makes a Rollin solo more than a string of unrelate ideas, but that also imposes an intellec tual burden on the improviser. Th entire Rollins solo on "Blue Seven" i based on a short motif, and Schulle comments: "Such methods of musica procedure . . . are symptomatic of th growing concern by an increasin number of jazz musicians for a certai degree of intellectuality." Rollins ha said that until he read Schuller's article he did not realize consciously what h was doing while improvising. It is likel that at times the demands of such procedure are simply too much for eve a musician like Sonny Rollins. I hear him play erratically in Boston one night again and again he repeated the outline of a tune, and then hesitated, like hunter balking at a hedge, unwilling t cross the barrier into improvisatior When called back by an audience happ just to be in his presence, Rollins playe a version of his most attractive calyps tune, "St. Thomas," in a manner s wooden and square that there were fe protests when he did not return for third set.

If his relationship towards his mus seems complicated, so does Rollins view of his audiences. He spoke to Bc Blumenthal of *The Boston Phoenix* abou performing in the Jazz Workshop: "Th

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udiences at the Workshop have been eautiful, but I never view that response warmth; I look at it as more of a allenge. I can never begin to expect at from an audience, having been in is business as long as I have. Even ough they may mean it, 'Oh, gee, e're glad to see you' and that whole ve thing, it's hard for me to accept it as at. I still feel like I have to produce; en more so. I feel funny about the anding ovations, because I know how kle audiences can be. I'm never really pressed—I mean, okay, I'm glad, but I ver let it really overwhelm me." uring his second retirement, he used practice on the Williamsburg Bridge New York; part of the appeal of this tivity was that he could play to people ho were just wandering by, and who pected nothing from him. When his rformances on the bridge made the ws, Rollins stopped going—too many ople who knew Sonny Rollins were ming by.

Since his return in 1972, Rollins has en traveling with a series of bands, d he has been recording for Milestone cords. The first album, entitled ckishly *Sonny Rollins' Next Album*, is perhaps the best of the series. It contains a new calypso, "The Everywhere Calypso," a hard-driving blues performance on "Keep Hold of Yourself," and a marvelous "Skylark" that features one of Rollins's solo cadenzas. The playing is rhythmically a little stiff, and in that respect is inferior to his live performances. *Horn Culture* is notable for Rollins's version of "God Bless the Child" and for his chattering, clucking solo on "Love Man." *The Cutting Edge* was recorded live at Montreux in 1974, and *Nucleus* and *The Way I Feel* show Rollins moving closer towards rock and playing with larger groups. The last is Rollins's most disappointing album. Not that it is totally unattractive, but one feels that he could have done so much more with the material. He is supported by a large group, but the arrangements are unimaginative and the beat is heavy throughout: this is dance music. The real problem is Rollins. He has written an attractive tune in "Island Lady," but he seems unwilling to improvise seriously on it. On the final alto saxophone chorus he squeaks and honks until the tune is faded out. After hearing *The Way I Feel* saxophonist Phil Woods suggested that while Rollins could make a wonderful jazz-rock album, on this one he did not "break out."

The metaphor is instructive. When Rollins is playing at his best, he exposes himself more than almost any other musician—his most satisfying recordings have been with small groups, often without a piano, and many of his best live performances have been unaccompanied. He has talked about the added harmonic freedom of a group without a piano, but now he plays with a small rock-oriented band with a pianist, a guitarist, an electric bass, and a heavy-handed drummer. The beat goes on whether Rollins is playing or not. With his new rock-oriented material, Rollins has found a new, younger audience. His latest album, *Easy Living*, with its mixture of ballads and rock numbers, suggests what one is now likely to hear from Rollins in a nightclub. He is trying out new group sounds. He told Bob Blumenthal, "You could say I've experimented, and I like to experiment, but a lot of the things I've done are based on whom I'm playing with; different musicians create different responses. I get who's available—if I've got a gig, I

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have to get a band together—so to a degree I'm a prisoner of my band. Even though I might be the leader of the band, I find myself playing with *them* a lot of times." The Rollins most jazz fans want to hear is the confident musician who can walk out alone amongst the audience, playing involved, witty, consequential solos, or who can soar lyrically above the light calypso beat of his accompanists. Currently we have only snatches of that kind of playing. Wary of the occasional, but inevitable, disasters that occur when a musician takes such chances, Rollins has insulated himself from these trials. Jazz fans might find him "a prisoner" of his band to a larger extent than Rollins himself realizes. The man who some fans call "the walker" is tied to the stage: he now plays with an electric pick-up in his horn, and its cord keeps him away from the audience. Still, no one should stay away from a Rollins performance, for the moments when he does "break out" are like nothing else in jazz today.

Books Considered

The Oxford University Press and The Spread of Learning 1478-1978: An Illustrated History by Nicolas Barker

(Oxford, at the Clarendon Press; $25)

Oxford University Press: An Informal History by Peter Sutcliffe

(Oxford University Press; $15)

The Oxford University Press is celebrating its quincentenary year in 1978. No one who reads can have missed the Oxford University Press ads in the newspapers and magazines since the beginning of this year. They have all begun with the catchy sentence—"In 1478, 14 years before Columbus discovered America, the first printed book was issued at Oxford"—or some variation thereof. And true it is. In December 1478, an émigré printer from Cologne named Theodoric Rood produced the first printed book in Oxford. This was the *Expositio Sancti Hieronymi in Symbolum Apostulorum*, a commentary on the Apostles' Creed which despite its title was not written by St. Jerome but by a contemporary of his, one Rufinus. The best remembered, if not the most interesting, fact about this book is that because of a misprint—an "X" which was dropped from the Roman numeral date—it appears to have been printed not in 1478 but in 1468, making it antedate even Caxton.

Of course, the actual celebration is not of the quincentenary of the Oxford University Press itself, which dates formally from the 17th Century, but rather of 500 years of printing at Oxford. No need to be picky, however. The Oxford University Press and Oxford, the place and the University, are synonymous and the celebration is well deserved, with praise and glory enough for all, and these two magnificent books bring the printing history of the Press and of Oxford up to date.

The two books complement each other. Nicolas Barker's work celebrates the quincentenary of printing at Oxford with a pictorial history of its subsequent progress and the books, documents and pictures which are its tangible record. His is a beautiful book and a bibliophile's delight, consisting mostly of elegant photographic plates which illustrate not only the Press and its productions by way of title pages, sample pages and bindings, but also its presses, types, and manuscripts as well as the many people associated with it. After a brief prologue, sketching the early history of the Press, Peter Sutcliffe's "informal history" begins effectively in 1800 with the body of the book concerning the years since 1860 when the Press began to expand into general and education publishing and when the transform tion of the Press into a great nation and international publishing busine was rapid. Progress at first may ha seemed to be stumbling and sporad but it has always been continuous. M Sutcliffe's book, despite its episoc approach, its too tightly packed pro and its concentration on a few outsta ding individuals, is essentially a study that continuity. Both Mr. Barker ar Mr. Sutcliffe owe a great debt, whi they acknowledge, to Harry Carte archivist and historian of the Pres whose *History of the Oxford University Pre Volume I, to 1780*, provided the structu as well as much of the material for bo of their books.

For 150 years following Theodor Rood, the fortunes of printers at Oxfo reflected the fluctuation of roy politics, taste and censorship. In 158 the University lent £100 to a loc bookseller, Joseph Barnes, "'that h might have a Press in the University f printing books the more easily'". H produced over 300 books, including *T Feminine Monarchie*, a work on bees whi contained the first use of music type Oxford, and Captain John Smith's *Map of Virginia*, the first publishe description of England's colony in th new world. Barnes was succeeded by th Lichfields, father and son, who co tributed two remarkable bestsellers English literary and publishir history—in 1621, Peter Heylin *Microcosmos*, the first modern geograph to be printed in English, and Robe Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholie* whi appeared in five editions between 162 and 1638.

Two men dominated Oxford printir in the 17th century: William Lau Archbishop of Canterbury ar Chancellor of the University, who pu the Press on a firm legal base, and Joh Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who, more tha any other individual, established i physical foundations, typographic excellence, and intellectual principle Before Laud lost his head at the begi ning of the Civil War, he got Charles I issue royal charters for the Press ar developed University statutes whi provided for workable productio schemes and payment schedules. Th vision which Laud had for the Press w realized to a great extent by John Fe after the Restoration. He imported th finest types from Holland, types whi had been cut by Garamont, Haultin ar Granjon; established a proper printir house which was temporarily in th

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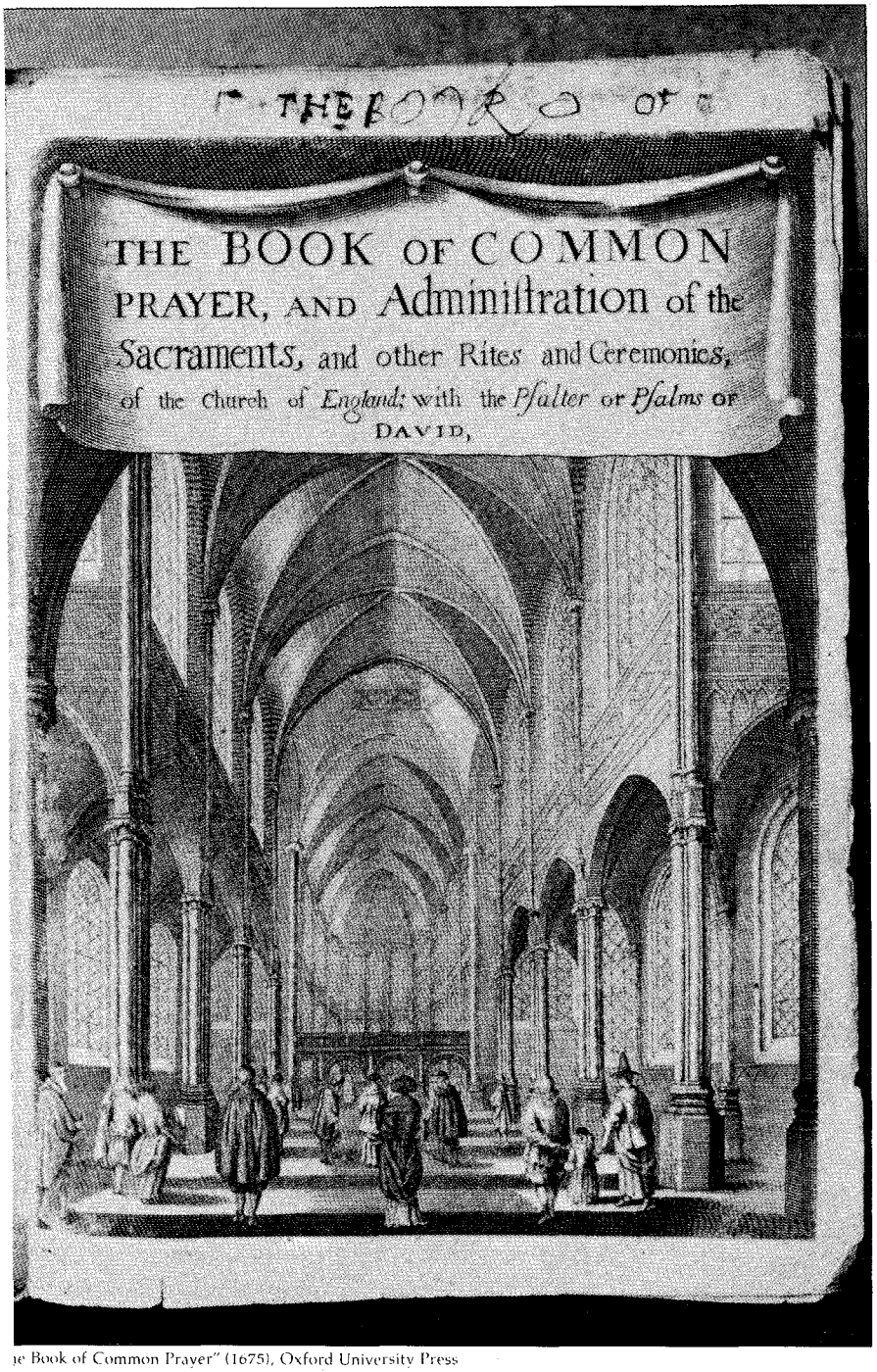
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ieldonian Theatre; and drew up a iblishing program at which the Press s been engaged ever since. It was ider Fell's direction that the Press inted its first Bible (1675) in the long ries of Bibles for which it has become mous.

Another great figure in the history of e Oxford University Press was illiam Blackstone, who contributed to e sound procedures by which it has erated since his period of control in e mid-18th century. It was, naturally, e Oxford University Press which inted and published Blackstone's *mmentaries on the Laws of England*. This is e work for which Blackstone is so well own and which is, in Nicolas Barker's ords, "a digest of historical growth and a coordination of the cumulative precedents of case-law . . . a miracle of organization, judgement, and common sense . . . . The nearest thing to a constitution of England . . . it became the textbook of liberty and justice all over the world."

The second half of the 19th century saw the start of some of the greatest and best known Oxford University Press projects, including the *Oxford English Dictionary*, edited by the redoubtable James Murray, and the Revised Version of the Bible, the New Testament of which sold one million copies on the first day it appeared.

The 20th century brought overseas expansion on the part of the Press. The first branch in New York was opened in 1896 and has had a spectacular number of successes, such as Morison and Commager's *Growth of the American Republic*, known to almost every American high school graduate since the 1930s, as well as such bestsellers as Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* (1951) and Edmund Wilson's *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* (1955). Modern times have also seen the publication of most of the series of books which are frequently thought of as typically Oxford, including the many words by Henry and Frank Fowler, the two brothers who were responsible for *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, *The Pocket English Dictionary* and the influential and invaluable *Modern English Usage*. The many, familiar and indispensable Oxford Books of Verse, beginning with Arthur Quiller-Couch's *English Verse* in 1900, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, turned over to the Press in 1917, have been two other outstanding Oxford University Press productions of this century. In 1921, Arnold Toynbee boarded the Orient Express in Istanbul and somewhere in western Bulgaria, the story goes, he jotted down on a slip of paper a few headings which were to become the major sections of his *A Study of History*, which the Press published between 1934 and 1954.

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The listing of only the significant Oxford University Press publications would equal the entries of a good size library catalog. What is being celebrated this year by the two books under review and by the entire literate world is the existence of an academic press which has been and is commercially successful at the production and distribution of learned and educational books. During this quincentenary year of printing at Oxford, the Oxford University Press will publish some 800 new books, while maintaining a backlist of 19,000 books and music items. It will do this throughout the five continents on which it does business and by the 3000 people it employs, all engaged in and dedicated to, in the words of James Smithson, the "increase and diffusion" of knowledge.

J.M. Edelstein

J.M. Edelstein is chief librarian of the National Gallery of Art.

The Philosophy of Praxis by Adolfo Sánchez Vázquez translated by Mike Gonzalez

(Humanities; $15)

When Marx objected in the *Theses on Feuerbach* that "philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point, however, is to change it," he set a role for man as the maker of his world that has affected all subsequent Marxist writing and that has more recently, under the heading of praxis, also been the most disputed issue in Marxist thought in the West. Professor Adolfo Vázquez, who left Spain for Mexico at the end of the Civil War, has written a remarkably clear and even-handed account of what is at stake in this issue—systematic enough to provide a useful perspective on Marxism in general, penetrating enough to disclose even the liabilities of his own argument for the compatibility of praxis with a conception of Marxism as both a humanism and a science.

The philosophy of praxis is readily understood in light of what it is intended to react against, and Vázquez represents this in a brief historical survey. A standard philosophical distinction following Aristotle drew lines among the human activities of knowing, making, and doing (praxis). In this distinction, knowledge is a direct relation between the knowing mind and the object known; the historical context and medium of knowledge do not affect the relation. (Vázquez, who usually avoids clichés, relates this idea of contemplative knowledge to the Greek distaste for manual labor and acceptance of slaveholding; so much, one might say, for the Sparta which proposed no such leisurely view of knowing—which flourished, in fact, without philosophy at all. . . .) Marx reacted sharply against this image of a disembodied mind, arguing that the relation of knowing to its objects must also be an activity, a form of praxis, if only because that category holds for all of man's relations. Furthermore, since praxis *necessarily* involves in its products a medium and historical context, the very idea of knowledge that escapes history, that is not both a doing and making (Marx elides these two activities), is a falsification.

Much of the history of philosophy is vulnerable to the latter charge, and Vázquez reiterates Marx's criticism of traditional materialism and idealism. In the former, which Marx had first addressed in his dissertation on Democritus and Epicurus, the world is "given," and philosophy passively represents or reflects it; even in Hegel's idealism, where reality is conceded a history, the history is that of reason, not of the material conditions which shape it. Nor, at another extreme, is the philosophy of praxis a version of utilitarianism or pragmatism (a charge common enough to be a sore point): "Knowledge," Vázquez writes, "is useful to the degree that it is true, but it is not true to the degree that it is useful. . . ."

The philosophy of praxis thus revises the passive, formal, or merely instrumental relation between man and the world into one which is activ material and reciprocal. The differer here is epitomized for Vázquez artistic praxis where the interchan between maker and medium is obvio but the same "creativity" acts in soc and productive praxis as well. In the all, knowing and making mingle; m realizes himself in his actions and giv sense to the whole of history throu their convergence.

So far, Vázquez represents Marx a philosophical anthropologist, basi praxis in human nature and soundi much like such other recent writers Sartre, Kolakowski, and Petrovic, w emphasize the early, "humanistic" Ma of *The Economic and Philosophical Manuscri of 1844*. But a much less conventio side of Vázquez's thesis appears as links this anthropological view of Ma to a claim for the scientific status Marx's account of history and clas conflict. The possibility of reconcili those two sides of Marx has recen been much disputed (especially by t French philosopher, Louis Althusse and this argument is more than a matt of deciding at what point one id evolves into another: for Althusser, t two tendencies are not only d tinguishable but contradictory. I belie that finally we learn this same less from Vázquez—but *malgré lui*. Certair Vázquez's *attempt* to join the two sid seems at once closer to Marx's ov intentions (the later Marx, after all, wi many opportunities to do so, nev repudiated the young Marx) and al reveals much about the structure Marx's thought that is otherwise los

The basis for the charge of contrad tion here is quite straightforward. Ma and (more explicitly) Engels distinguis ed science from ideology on the groun that science somehow escapes t constraints of history and is thus mc than the "expression" of its origins. B the question is how to maintain co mitments on the two sides of th position. For if praxis is a condition human agency, how can science ev shrug free of the constraints on th agency? And if science does not succe in this, how can it be objective a accurate, truly theoretical? Vázqu draws attention to this issue at a numb of points: as he asserts the difference well as the connection between theo and practice, as he insists on t rationality of history, as he explains hc individual members of a class (like t bourgeois Marx and Engels) can ri above their class interests—and fina as he asserts that Marxism, unlike oth

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hilosophical accounts, succeeds in escribing scientifically the historical rocess. The dilemma overridden in ach of these claims is that, on the one and, praxis requires man as agent: cience and the theoretical conciousness thus appear within history. ut on the other hand, the arguments or Marxism as science, for the object of hat science as the rational design of istory, for a consciousness which ccurately represents the class structure, even for the possibility (Vázquez trains here) of non-Euclidean geometry hich is coherent but non-empirical, all uggest an independence of knowledge nd theory from history that comes uspiciously close to the traditional and ejected ideal of knowledge as reflection. 'ázquez *claims* that these two sides of Marx and Marxism are compatible, but e presents the case more by *obiter dictum* han by argument: "Marxism is at once cience and ideology, knowledge and xpression"; the class-consciousness of he proletariat "is not simply an expresion or reflection of its existence. It is a heoretical consciousness [which] eveals the true situation of the lass. . . ." "Each structure is underinned by a structural rationality; yet he rationality is also universal. . . ." tc., etc. My objection to joining the ideal f science to that of praxis is not that here is no precedent for it in Marx clearly there is), but that the ideals are ot logically consistent—in Marx or Marxism or anyplace else. Vázquez's ssertion that they are does not seem to he persuasive, but his definition of the issue nonetheless says more about the intentions and conceptual structure of Marxist thought than the many other accounts, like Althusser's, which assume an incompatibility between the two sides and follow that by a polemic in behalf of one or the other. There *are* these two themes in Marxism and in Marx himself—and Vázquez's recognition of this underlies both the value and liabilities of his work.

The Philosophy of Praxis appears in the International Library of Social and Political Thought which has included, among other works, the translation of Lukacs's *The Young Hegel* and E.P. Thompson's important study of William Morris. The quality of this series reinforces the impression left by Vázquez's book on two points which are often ignored or denied by Marxists as well as by non- (or anti-) Marxists. The first of these is that the charge of parochialism against Marxist theory or criticism must itself have defined Marxism so narrowly as to beg the question. Secondly, whatever Marxism has not been—and this includes much that has been claimed both for and against it—Marxism has more than proved itself as a critical resource, one of the few traditions in a fragmented intellectual world in which the ideal of a community of discourse has a chance of existing in fact.

Berel Lang

Berel Lang is a professor of philosophy at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

ard of Savagery: horstein Veblen and Modern Social Theory y John P. Diggins

he Seabury Press; $14.95)

owed by no authority, Thorstein Vebn spurned the morality, manners, and wards of his culture—becoming the ne of most students, to whom he unirmly gave the grade C; getting fired om two universities for philandering; jecting professional recognition beuse it hadn't come "when I needed it"; d dying a recluse in the California lls. Identifying with autonomous tsiders like the "renegade Jews," he denounced all cultural and intellectual inhibitions and all constraining conceptions of mind, prizing instead the creative energies of thought and will. His subject was not truly economics, as is generally believed, but what he called "anthroposociology.": the science of the "habits of life."

Veblen's eccentricities and methodological innocence have left him on the shores of modern social science, where he has won the respect of Liberal critics, like C. Wright Mills and John Kenneth Galbraith, and has received knocks from the more conservative, like David Riesman, who saw Veblen's attack on status distinctions as foreshadowing the anti-individualist, other-directed personality. Yet Veblen's flashes of intellectual imagination place him most convincingly in the ranks of the Great Unmaskers, Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud, while displaying his genuine kinship to the founders of modern social theory, Durkheim and Weber. John Diggins promises an elaboration of these affinities with his subtitle, *Thorstein Veblen and Modern Social Theory*. But Diggins's earnest exegesis, labored analyses, and dense prose yield more nearly an essay in lost opportunities.

Subtitle notwithstanding, this study of Veblen's ideas is anchored in biography not theory, since it draws theoretical comparisons arbitrarily and devotes as much space to what is dead in Veblen as to what lives. In fact, Diggins confines social theory almost exclusively to "the two sovereign social thinkers of the age," Marx and Weber. These limits constitute a limitation, for Veblen's strengths are not likely to shine in this restricted light. Indeed, Diggins finds Veblen's theories inadequate to supplant those of the masters at all of his principal points of comparison: alienation, capitalism, value, and rationalization.

Although Diggins introduces other thinkers from time to time, they merely illustrate incidental similarities to Veblen, his anticipations of them, or more of his weaknesses. Such impressionism renders Diggins's neglect of significant or suggestive ties between Veblen and important theorists the more noticeable. Veblen's elaborate explanation of the social function of status symbols and ideas, for example, elicits no reference to Tocqueville's "hypocrisy of luxury," although pages are devoted to Tocqueville, and, more important, none to Durkheim's theory of social cohesion. Worse, Veblen's bold unmasking of the ideological character of culture gets lost in an arduous analysis of Veblen's deficient theory of alienation, with the result that ideology is never openly discussed and Veblen's decisive relations to Nietzsche and Freud go unremarked.

These omissions and distortions blind Diggins to Veblen's place as a member of the generation of intellectual revolutionaries who reconstructed social thought near the turn of the century (Veblen's birth fell in the year between

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Freud's and Durkheim's) as well as to many of Veblen's enduring merits. Although he bestows just praise on Veblen's sociology of the sexes, the consumer economy, and role-playing, Diggins stumbles badly by dismissing Veblen's central prescriptive idea, the "discipline of the machine," as "a strange resolution of the human condition," an enslavement of man to mechanics. In belittling this discipline, and trying to discredit it by evoking Weber's purported "dread" of rationalization, Diggins lays down the three losing cards in his hand: a pastoral bias, a misreading of Weber, and a misunderstanding of Veblen.

For what is most alive in Veblen is exactly this: he looked at modernity with no tears. Like Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud, he saw the history of mankind as the history of self-deceiving ideology: and he recorded the origins and modern forms of this self-deception in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. Motivated by the "self-regarding interests" of ego, Veblen said, human beings early learned to make "invidious distinctions" between the marks of high and low social status. Such distinctions are by nature personal, subjective, and qualitative, i.e., ideological, and thus betray the savage animism that induces people to attribute human qualities to things. Veblen's familiar phrase, "consicuous consumption," and it's corollaries, "pecuniary emulation" and "waste," simply denote the symbols of high status in societies than value leisure more than work.

And just as Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud hoped to end this kind of self-deceiving subjectivity through social or psychological change (proletarian revolution, the transcendence of all existing values, or scientific tough-mindedness) so Veblen set forth the discipline of the machine and related ideas, such as "idle curiosity" and (albeit less consistently) "the sense of workmanship." The discipline of the machine means nothing less than the liberating *discipline of objectivity* in all "processes of thought, methods of apperception, and sequences of reasoning."

Diggins deflates Veblen's force and derails his intent by viewing the image of the machine, just as Veblen knew his critics would, through the hostile, animistic eyes of the traditional humanist, whose spirit lives also in the capitalist, the pragmatist and the savage: gripped by subjectivity, they all project their self-serving interests onto the world around them, shrinking from the unfamiliar. Contrary to Diggins's lament, the discipline of the machine would not thwart emotion through the hegemony of technology but would put an end to self-deception by inducing clarity of mind; and instead of fulfilling Weber's supposed rationalistic nightmare, it would in fact satisfy his ideal of modern courage. For not only did Weber say, as Diggins likes to recall, that "the fate of our times" is "rationalization," "intellectualization" and "the disenchantment of the world," but he also concluded, as Diggins chooses to ignore, that "the person who cannot bear the fate of the times like a man" should "return silently, without the usual publicity build-up of renegades, but simply and plainly" into "the churches" where his "weakness" and "intellectual sacrifice" will be received with compassion. Weber here speaks in the best spirit of modernity, the spirit that has energized the strongest modernists and brought the actual rewards of self-mastery, affirming strength, and confidence to those who embrace it.

Diggins has misperceived his man. N scholastic exercise, however creditabl will compel our hands to reach fc Veblen's books again; we must firs learn to read Veblen through the lens c our culture, and his. And this is th culture of modernism, marked by soci alienation, emotional disquiet, the cu of subjectivity, and the dauntless ques to unravel the secrets of mind and be havior. In this culture, Veblen deserves place among the strong modernists, lik Nietzsche and Freud, not the misguide or whimperers. Despising much c modern life as he did, he nonetheles labeled its failings the vestiges of a tra ditional "mythmaking" ideology, and h found a cure in the discipline c objectivity—the most demanding, prc mising, and modern of disciplines.

James Sloan Alle

James Sloan Allen teaches European inte lectual history at the Manhattan Scho of Music and the New School.

Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison
By Michel Foucault
(Pantheon; $10.95)

Violence and the Sacred
by René Girard
(Johns Hopkins; $17.50)

Madness and Civilization, Michel Foucault's most famous book, opened with the grisly, Brueghelesque spectacle of the lepers of the middle ages, their disappearance and replacement by the "insane," those inward exiles whose banishment from "normality" is one definitive timeline for the rise of the modern, hygienic city. In *The Order of Things*, there was the stunning exegesis of Velázquez's *Las Meninas* as an icon of the classical age, a self-portrait in a complex mirror where the artist, the controlling intelligence of the scene, is both peripheral and central to the representation—and both ways invisible. And *Discipline and Punish* opens with a scarifying, verbatim, three page account of the public torture and execution of the regicide Damiens in 1757, reminding us that there was a time (and not lon ago) when slow-motion killing wasn't matter of special effects.

Madmen and artists and regicide Foucault obviously has sympathy fc outsiders, as well as a grim, clinic understanding of how they get to b that way. In *Discipline and Punish* he is bac asserting some by now familia Foucaultisms. "Man" as an ir dividualistic, psychological entity is a invention, and not a very good one, c the last two hundred years (" meticulous observation of detail . . . political awareness of these small thing for the control of men. . . . From suc trifles, no doubt, the man of moder humanism is born"). Institutions, for a their rationalism, create what the pretend to perceive ("We must cease . .

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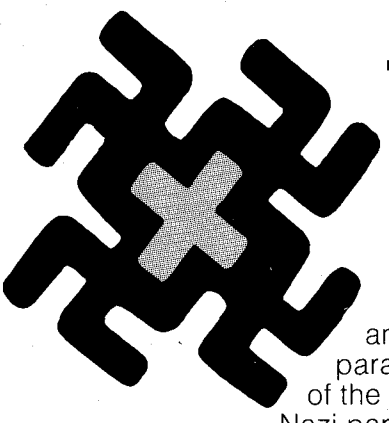
o describe the effects of power in egative terms. . . . Power produces . . . omains of objects and rituals of truth"). ınd, most centrally, the modern, itualized institutions of order are azardous to your health ("At the heart f all disciplinary institutions functions small penal mechanism"). But this time round the assertions sound, if nything, more ringingly convincing ıan before. Because this time he is /riting about the most outside of utsiders, the most publicly reviled of xiles from the norm, the prisoner.

In fact, the birth of the *prisoner*, not the irth of the prison, is Foucault's real ubject, and that is an important ifference. Rather than deal primarily in ıe hard, statistical data of the rise and iffusion of penal institutions, Foucault ere as usually relies on the ideas of ıstitutions as articulated by the eformers, *philosophes*, and early liberals. specially important for his argument is eremy Bentham's plan for a *Panopticon*, n unchained institution of perfect, and erfectly horrifying, surveillance. Hence the major effect of the Panopcon: to induce in the inmate a state of onscious and permanent visibility that ssures the automatic functioning of ower." Panopticism, for Foucault, is a ardinal moment. After an initial, conomically motivated revulsion gainst public torture and execution (it epletes the labor force), the reformers rst envision a "punitive city," an ideal(!) ommunity where punishment will be onstantly threatened, but reduced, ıeted out in a calculus of guilt to the ıeasure of the crime that calls it forth. entham's plan, though, signals the oandonment of this utopia for a better epressive machine, the idea of the *linquent*. The delinquent is not just an ffender, but a psychic deformity from ıe social norm; he must be put away for rivate punishment, an example to us l, where society, become a massive olice force, can claim with crocodile singenuousness to be attempting his eform." 1984, in other words, begins ometime around 1784.

At times, it looks as though Foucault is riting a dark counterpoint to the ociology of Max Weber. Instead of the outinization of charisma," his chart r the history of modern institutions is ıe routinization of damnation. And this the point of that shock opening, the rture of Damiens. Horrible, we say, estial. But you can't forget it; Foucault oesn't let you forget it, since the rest of s book is filled with metaphors escribing incarceration and discipline as a "breaking" of the individuality of the delinquent, his subjection to an "apparatus" of thought control, etc. Torture in its most heinous aspect still survives, that is: but it survives subtilized, refined and concealed behind the humanist snowstorm of arguments for "leniency" and "pity." It is this technique of argument through allusion that allows him, in his central chapter on "Discipline," to make his most powerful—and already most widely discussed—case: that the invention of the prison is the crucial, inclusive image for all those modes of brutalization, in industry, in education, in the very fabric of citizenship, which define the modern era of humanistic tyranny, the totalitarianism of the norm. Not even a history of the birth of the prisoner, *Discipline and Punish* at its most expansive and richest is about, quite simply, the birth of the blues.

It is a brilliant book, brilliantly written and plotted (Richard Poirier has recently observed that Foucault writes like a great novelist: to which the response—at least part of the time—is, alas, he does). But, one keeps wanting to ask, is this really news? He takes account of the fact that official criticism of the prison system begins almost simultaneously with the system itself. And, rather predictably, he dismisses this tradition of critique as another disingenuousness of the establishment, protecting its massive machinery of repression by earnestly pretending to be getting the last bugs out—what we might term the factory recall syndrome. But whether this is quite fair to the reformers (*somebody* since the Enlightenment must have had at least honest intentions), it ignores another tradition of critique, the one to which Foucault really belongs. This tradition, of visionary radicalism, stretches from many of the most important novelists and poets of our century back to two figures conspicuously absent from this book. At the end of the eighteenth century, they both perceived as clearly as anyone has since the witch's brew of liberal ideology, social repression, and the mechanisms of guilt. One of them, the Marquis de Sade, madly dramatized its worst implications for the survival of civilization. The other, William Blake, madly devised ways to break the mind-forged manacles. Foucault, in the passionate, apocalyptic coldness of his argument, is the heir of both men.

His celebrated war with "humanism," indeed, simply continues the romantics'



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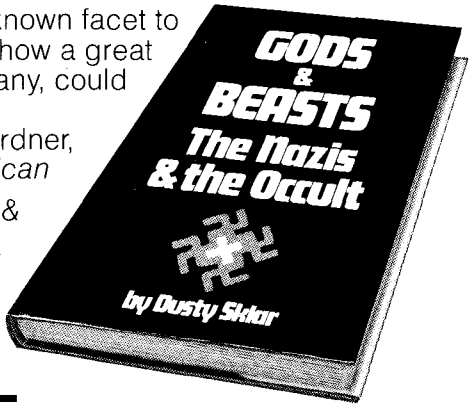

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warfare against official, bloodless and therefore dangerous rationalisms: it is, that is, profoundly humanistic. And the closer he gets to his conclusion, the closer he approaches his lyrical colleagues. "The ideal point of penalty today would be . . . an interrogation without end. . . ." Kafka, of course. The killer Lacenaire is "assured forever in the paradise of the aesthetes of crime." Baudelaire. The death of a boy from the reformatory of Mettray in 1852 "marked the death of the first penitentiary saint." Here at the end he finally approaches the rhetoric of his closest analogue, in both genius and bitterness, among prison poets: Jean Genet.

But if it isn't news, is *Discipline and Punish* at least, to continue the judicial image, the truth, whole and nothing but? Nothing is, of course: and that bitter knowledge is the chief heritage of the two hundred yeas of modern humanism whose history so obsesses Foucault.

Nevertheless: in an important book published almost simultaneously with Foucault's, *Violence and the Sacred* (Johns Hopkins, $17.50), René Girard examines the birth of judicial systems in culture in ways that parallel and usefully counterbalance the argument of *Discipline and Punish*. The judiciary, he insists, arises from culture's need to transcend the indiscriminate violence of simple revenge and, after that, the failed rituals of public torture and sacrifice. It is the outgrowth of a "tragic crisis" where a community loses faith in its mythologies of justice and must re-found them on a higher level of abstraction. And in his most telling passages, Girard observes that the current, corrosive reexamination of our own presuppositions about society is just such a necessary yet dangerous "tragic crisis," a destructuring (to use a favorite structuralist term) that is valuable precisely because of the restructuring it implies.

This does not mean that Girard, with lunatic optimism, simply reassures us about the inherent benevolence of the order of things. But it does mean that his splendid book points us toward a better use of Foucault's splendid book. Foucault, like the other visionary outsiders in his tradition from Blake to Genet, matters. He matters because his work is a kind of front-line dispatch, from closer to the void beyond culture than the rest of us can or care to go. But because he does go there, and often, he paradoxically enriches and complicates our life in the "norm" whose dangers and traps he explores.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell is a Fellow at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington, D.C.

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TRB, *from page 2*

recollection of seeing it. "I did lear something in Washington," he said wit a touch of lightness, "that the files ar filled with memos that are never sent.

Another memo said that Korea president Park Chung Hee's office wa "directly involved in directing the cor tribution of several hundred thousan dollars to the Democratic party." Als that the Korean government "has sper large sums to develop control ove American and Korean journalists. (There is no other evidence of this tha TRB knows.) What had sent Attorne General Mitchell up to Capitol Hill wa the charge that House Speaker Ca Albert had an aide with alleged contact to the KCIA—presumably Suzi Par Thompson. Mitchell described Albert a "rather passive in reaction" to thi Albert called her "a nice young lady, we educated, in a nonsensitive job." So tha was that. Here again the story has bee told before.

Nixon was condescending to jaile Mitchell in his TV interview with Fros last year. Too bad about Martha, Nixo said, she had "mental and emotional problems: "If it hadn't been for Marth there'd have been no Watergate becaus John wasn't minding the store Somebody else's fault, you see. Indee Martha was an unstable, glamorou Southern belle, and this man of granit was amused by her, was proud of he and loved her. She had a compulsion t call up newspapers and tell about he prejudices. They lived in a $140,00 three-bedroom duplex apartment a $1000 a month at a place calle Watergate. Then the troubles came; sh left him and died.

Mitchell came to Washington with n previous national political experience, multi-million-dollar muncipal bond ac viser, a barefoot boy from Wall Stree For a while he was the second mo powerful man in government; amon the sycophants he had no awe of Nixo his former law partner. He contradicte Nixon and gave him advice, mostly ba He kept pulling out losers lik Haynsworth and Carswell. There wa an affinity between the two men: bot private, self-made, successful, ar Mitchell with absolute self-assuranc He seems to have it still. There something gallant in it.

As he passed the press table on h way out he greeted me. "Why, I thoug you had left town!" he said. I could hav made an easy reply, but didn't.

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Washington Diarist

Snubbing the Socialists

The powers that be, not least here in Washington, are relieved. But I am utterly depressed by the results of the French elections. I am not temperamentally a pessimist, a foreboder of doom. But I have the distinct and uncomfortable feeling that the juice is being squeezed out of democracy in Western Europe. Can anyone any longer regard the ruling, quasi-coalition, bureaucratic parties of France and Italy and Germany as democratic? These countries are being run by cynical manipulators with no effective opposition. The democratic forms within which they operate are becoming little more than shams. And people are surprised that radical terrorism is rampant in Europe! If the left cannot legitimately gain power, the left will take to the streets and kill.

Of course it is even more likely to do so when the Communist parties are at least as cynical as the right wing. The danger of "Eurocommunism" is not that Western Europe will be transformed into a soviet bloc. That is a phantom. The danger is that the Eurocommunist movement will prevent the Socialist parties from ever gaining a majority—the French Communists were determined to keep the French Socialists from assuming the leadership of the left—and in so doing destroy the legitimacy of the democracy in each country. At the same time, notably in France and in Italy, the Communists have become a "parallel society," by their investments and activities in the private sphere. In other words, the political system is again bypassed. The undisguised goodwill that so many leading Americans showed toward the ruling coalition in France—Jimmy Carter in effect campaigned for Giscard d'Estaing—could not be more shortsighted and even mischievous. Western Europe desperately needs the renaissance of a democratic left that is an effective opposition and has the chance to gain power legitimately. If there is no such renaissance, there will only be more resentment, more terrorism—and at last anarchy, as is virtually the case in Italy already. We know all too well, from long experience, the usual result of anarchy in Europe.

This is the real danger of the kind of attitudes represented in the notorious report of the Trilateral Commission on "The Crisis of Democracy," and especially in Samuel P. Huntington's argument that democracy is most immediately threatened by the decline of governmental authority. This is to look at the issue through the wrong end of a telescope. The major threat to democracy has always been, and now in Europe is, a condition in which an effective opposition is unable to gain power by legitimate means. How can one expect the French or Italians to retain much respect for their political systems when they have reduced democracy to virtual one-party government? One of the explanations in Europe is the peculiar electoral systems in many of these countries, which by various devices of proportional representation in fact encourage the growth of quasi-coalitions that then become the basis for one-party rule. (This is hardly the only example of apparently democratic reforms bringing unforeseen and undemocratic changes.) But what is most immediately depressing in Washington's response to the French elections and the Italian crisis is that hardly anyone seems to care about the legitimate Socialist parties and their leaders. They are not known, they are not feted, they are not encouraged. One day there is going to be the devil to pay for this neglect.

Talking of the devil, we have now had three issues of Clay Felker's "new" *Esquire,* and what a travesty it is. *Esquire* at least used to have a strong character. It was all-American to the core, sprung from the heart and heartland of the country, with firm if primitive values. Now it is just another package of chic and ego-dressing, to coin a word, for the affluent and self-absorbed, indistinguishable from *New York* and *Ms.* and *New West,* which have also known Felker's delicate touch. Perhaps it does not matter. Perhaps one should not bother about this silly man with his silly magazines. But it galls me. Another step down to the trivial, the characterless, the meretricious in our popular culture.

I am fascinated by the latest move of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers in that union's fight against J.P. Stevens & Company, rightly labelled "the No. 1 labor-law outlaw." With the help of other unions, it has brought pressure to bear on various corporate and financial institutions to withdraw their executives from the Stevens board, and to oust Stevens directors from the own boards. The first evidence success was when James D. Finle chairman of Stevens, and David Mitchell, a Stevens director, both r signed under pressure from the board Manufacturers Hanover Corporatio The next evidence came five days lat when Mitchell, who is also chairman Avon Corporation, resigned from tl board of Stevens. "This is the beginnir of the alienation of the Wall Stre community from J.P. Stevens," said R Rogers, the director of this unusu campaign by the union. Wall Street itse has acknowledged the campaign's ir pact. "No question about it," was tl abrupt comment by Jeffrey B. Edelma first vice president of Blyth Eastma Dillon & Company. The union and i allies have threatened to withdraw the large pension funds from the gre financial institutions which have co nections with Stevens, and some unio have in fact already pulled out the funds and closed their accounts. Tl effect has been far-reaching. As I writ it seems probable that Ralph Mannir Brown, the chairman and chief exec tive officer of the New York Li Insurance Company, will have to lea the Stevens board. I have to admit tha am not weeping for Wall Street or J. Stevens or its directors.

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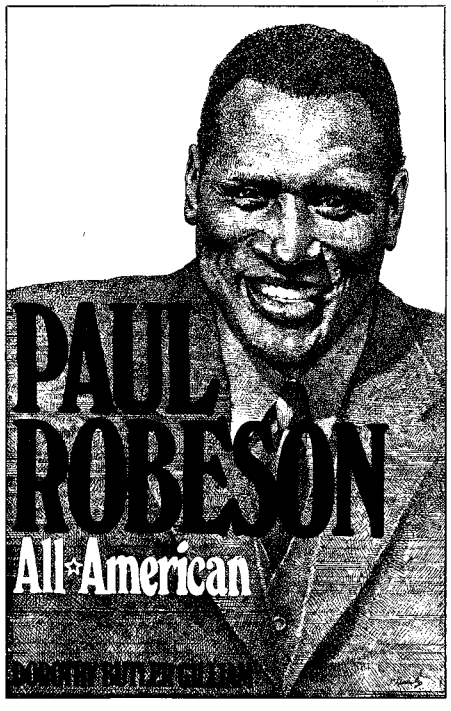

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A recent survey shows there's something the average new car owner doesn't like about his car. And it's one of the things the average new Volvo owner likes most about his*

Namely, the way his car was put together.

Volvo owners can appreciate things like a paint job that's four coats deep. Two separate undercoatings. And a body whose inside sections are protected with rust-proofing compounds.

Volvo has inner strengths, too.

Like a strong, unitized body that helps eliminate squeaks and rattles.

Overhead cam engines which are individually hand-assembled and bench-tested.

The fact is, Volvos are so well built that in the past ten years their average life expectancy in Sweden has increased by 37%. (Latest projections show that in Sweden the average Volvo will live to the ripe old age of 16 years.)

You may not keep your Volvo that long, but while you do you'll be able to appreciate the things that make such long life possible.

You'll also be able to understand why new Volvo owners are happier than the owners of 48 cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.

At a time when most Americans are fed up with the quality of new cars, we ask you: why buy a car there's a good chance you'll hate, when you can buy a car there's an even better chance you'll love?

**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.*

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